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# THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXII No. 2377
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
AUGUST 11 1945

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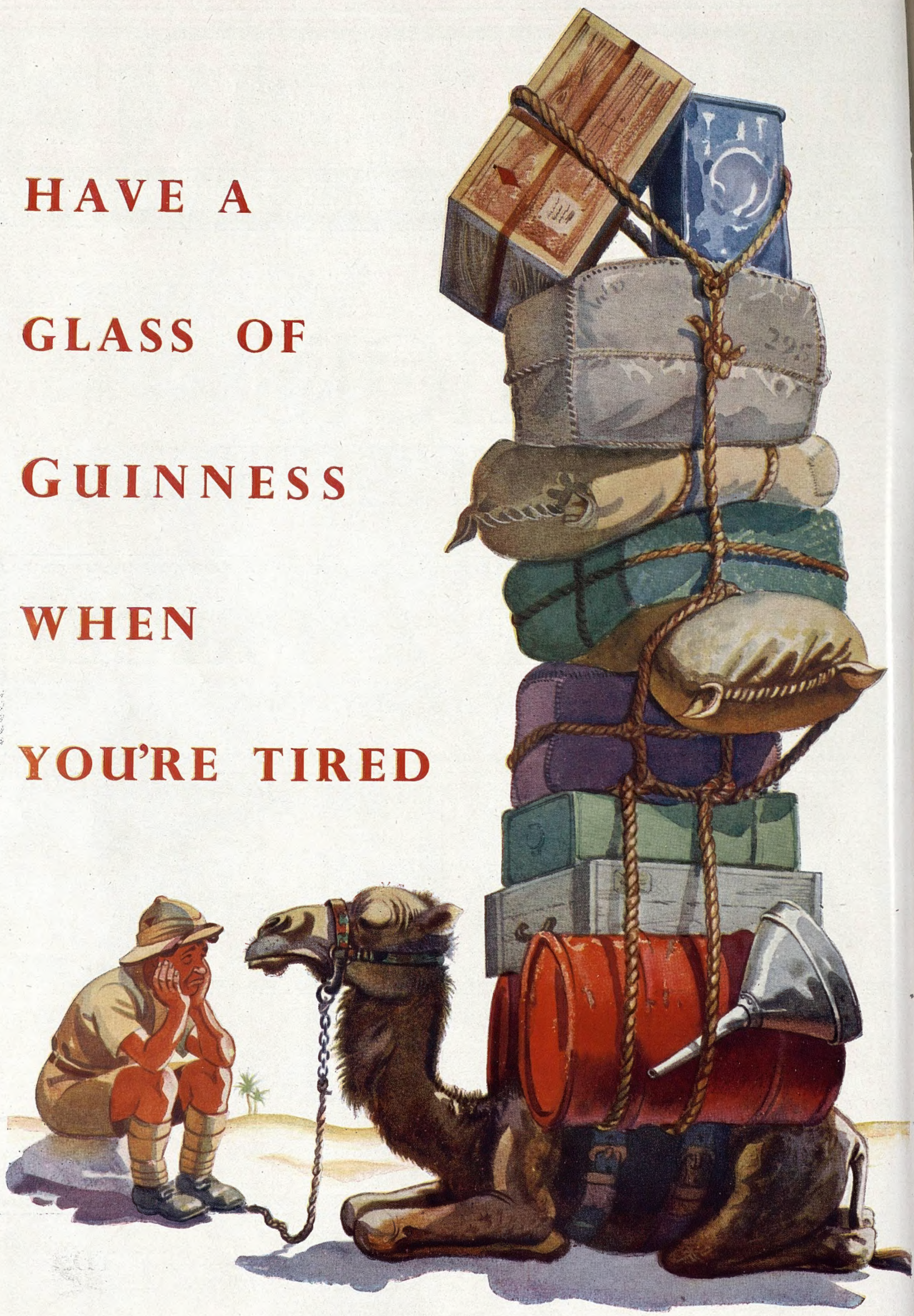

Drawing by J. Gilroy.

G E 1239

Volume CLXXXII No. 2377 The SPHERE, London, August 11, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**THE HISTORIC MEETING BETWEEN THE KING AND PRESIDENT TRUMAN: ABOARD THE BATTLE-CRUISER "RENOWN" IN PLYMOUTH SOUND. The meeting took place within sight of the spot from which the Pilgrim Fathers set sail for New England centuries ago**

On Thursday, August 2, President Truman flew from the Three-Power Conference at Potsdam to meet the King aboard the veteran British battle-cruiser *Renown*. He landed at Yelverton aerodrome, 12 miles from Plymouth, and, after motoring into Plymouth, went straight to the American defence amphibious base, a change of programme for which the welcoming authorities were unprepared. He saw some of the damage in badly blitzed Plymouth and then went aboard the United States cruiser *Augusta*, which was subsequently to take him back to America. At 12.45 p.m. the President went on board the *Renown* and was greeted by the King, who had travelled down to Plymouth in the Royal Train. After inspecting the ship's company, the King and the President took lunch together. The President then returned to the *Augusta*, and the King, after paying a courtesy visit to the cruiser, left for London again by train. The scene was witnessed by thousands of holiday-makers on Plymouth Hoe. In brilliant sunshine could be seen the U.S. cruiser *Philadelphia*, the *Augusta's* escort, the slate-grey form of the *Augusta* and the silvered shape of the *Renown*, from whose aftermast flew the Stars and Stripes and the Royal Standard—twin emblems of Anglo-American friendship

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# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 310

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

**"Resurgam."**—"Resurgam" was the appropriate legend on the hatchments set over the doors of Mayfair when noblemen died, and many an indigent heir, come at last to his inheritance, was credited by cynics with the silent riposte "Not if I know it." To-day two great noblemen "lie dead upstairs" and both have hatchments with the legend "Resurgam" raised to their memories. And these "old parties" are the Conservative and the Liberal Parties, done to death on July 26, 1945. And their heirs, the Socialists, are silently resolving "*Not if I know it.*" But Time and Chance bring changes and reactions, and the old parties will doubtless rise again in our generation and perhaps sooner than we expect to-day. But it is in my mind that if they wish to rise, the Conservatives must cut away a great deal of top-hamper and encumbrance, the clogging relics and shibboleths of a dead age; and the Liberals must positively trim their ship, balance her, and ballast her also with something more steady than loose junk and empty barrels, and I am not sure that a new captain might not be an encouragement to resurrection within lives in being. No amount of explanation or justification can alter the public view of the reasons which led to the Liberal débâcles of recent years.

**Mr. Dalton's Opportunity.**—Chancellors of the Exchequer receive many kicks and also many bright halfpence. In Britain I think we have had an illustrious list of them, and have ranked them in importance, rightly or wrongly, with our Foreign Secretaries. Now Mr. Dalton joins the succession from Pitt or Henry Petty (or whencesoever we date "modern times"). The son of the old tutor or "Governor" of King George V., he is an old Etonian who, I believe, narrowly escaped death in that fatal Eton fire which at last outlawed iron bars across the boys' windows. He has a wide experience and has studied and written about National Finance. His problems to-day are as complex and grievous as any his predecessors have had to face. I wonder if he will achieve what none of them has ever tried to achieve—a root-and-branch simplification of income-tax procedure. If he tries and succeeds, many of us will believe in Socialism as never before. It is a mighty need, and a mighty opportunity. Never was direct taxation so complex; for years the average taxpayer has paid "blind" under the various schedules. Even the "educated" taxpayer, who has not felt it possible to employ an expert, has paid, in honest uncertainty whether he has cheated himself or the State. To-day, too, the incidence of local taxation is inextricably mixed up with national, so much so as to suggest that the two claims should be amalgamated for the taxpayer, and the allocation of receipts between local and central exchequers be a matter of subsequent official accountancy. The methods of tax-collection have for decades cried out for simplification, as the burden of taxation has continually grown. The patient ass moves no quicker or more surely for being blindfold. I doubt if there be a single taxpayer who to-day would not prefer to pay even more in cash if he might pay less in worry. It is indeed a mighty opportunity for Mr. Dalton to win the lasting gratitude of the millions, by attempting what no Conservative or Liberal Chancellor ever dared to attempt.

**A PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Members of the Queen's Royal Household working parties,** who, during the war have made a total of nearly 16,000 garments, were recently entertained to tea at the Palace. The garments include knitted comforts for the various Services and clothes for the Chelsea Hospital Service and Red Cross. The ladies of the working parties consist of members of the Households at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, the Royal Mews, Windsor, Hampton Court and the Royal Lodge, Sandringham. The Queen is seen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, listening to a musical programme at the party. On the extreme right is the Duchess of Northumberland

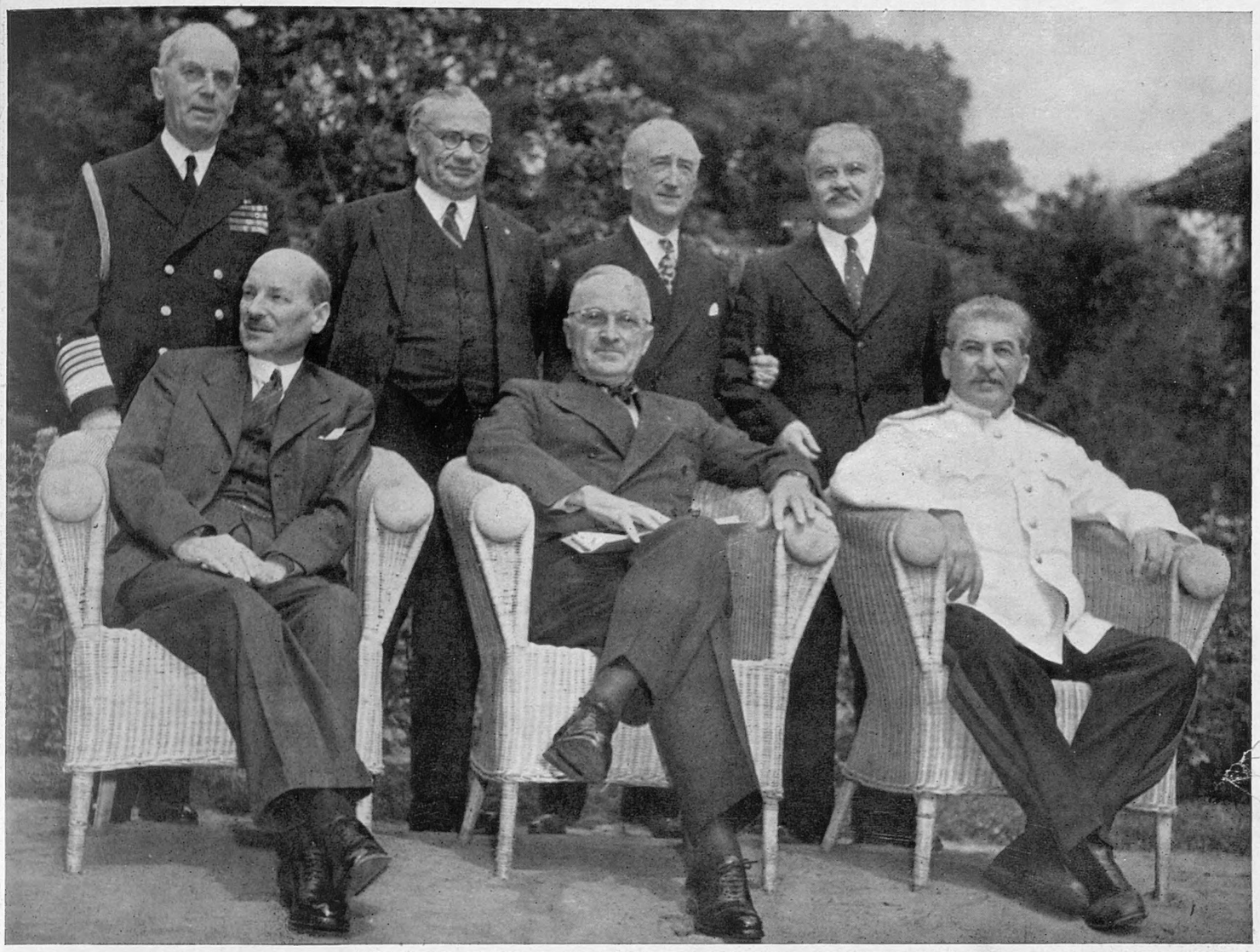
**Mr. Churchill Declined.**—I ventured some time ago to forecast that Mr. Churchill would decline any reward that entailed "a handle to his name." I felt *abundantly* sure that, while he retains his energies and full faculties, he would refuse a peerage, since the House of Commons is his first and last love, and he has seen too many of his political contemporaries politically hamstrung by translation to "another place." But a K.G. is another thing. Sir Winston Churchill founded his famous house and there was a romantic ring in the notion of bringing that house full circle with another Sir Winston. Mr. Churchill, however, has asked leave to decline the highest reward his Sovereign could offer as a gracious mark of affection, respect, admiration and gratitude for services unequalled in magnitude by any subject of a British sovereign. One can understand the different promptings which led him to-day to decline any Honour at present. The King is the head of the State which yesterday rejected Churchill, and the Sovereign is the voice of the nation, even when he speaks in his own behoof. Historically, no cluster of the highest honours can add lustre to that surname. It is one with Shakespeare, Drake, Pitt, Nelson, Wellington. In the "little" sphere of material Honours and Rewards, there is an inevitable absurdity in the thought of Churchill "C.H." and of Barrie "O.M." and of Austen Chamberlain (or, for that matter, the Duke of Omnium) "K.G." No doubt the offer of the O.M. will be made, if it also has not been declined in advance. Churchill, *tout court*, is good enough for assured immortality, and no ribbon and no coronet can add to its lustre.

**F.-M. Alexander.**—The appointment of F.-M. Alexander to succeed Lord Athlone as Governor-General of Canada will be welcomed as an admirable choice both in Canada and England. He is in the middle fifties and has had a dazzling career in the Army since he was commissioned in the Irish Guards in 1911. He has a temperament which ideally fits him for responsibility and the philosophy which can endure delays, profit by set-backs, and be silent when silence is golden. Indeed, he has every quality for success in his new job which pleasant manners, the highest reputation and fine simplicity of character can give him, in a young and healthy and true democracy. His appointment follows no precedent, for he won it off his own bat; but the coincidence will be noted that Lord Byng filled the bill soon after the last war (1921-26) and filled it very well. Byng knew the Canadians and the Canadians knew Byng (none better); it is the same with Alexander. I note with pleasure that my Alma Mater, Trinity College, Oxford, has taken the opportunity to distinguish him with an honorary fellowship. It appears he is "Founder's stock," being descended from "Sir Thomas Pope, Knight, our founder, and the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, deceased," for whom we were wont to pray when duty required our attendance in our creeper-clad, Grinling-Gibbon-adorned chapel. It was clever of the College authorities to find out this descent, which, I fancy, was through Lady Catherine Freeman, daughter of Lord Hardwicke and heiress of Tittenhanger, Herts, who married the second Earl of Caledon in the eighteenth century. But I may be wrong. Anyway, the Field-Marshal is a good fellow (in every sense of the word).

**Lady Oxford.**—In matters of taste, the British Public is a herd of sheep. A woman born in the Victorian era, who not only did not fear, but openly expressed her contempt for, narrow convention, could be sure of disapproval and pretty sure of being disliked. To be misunderstood by the millions was an inevitability which Lady Oxford feared no more than she feared life—or death. She was an extraordinary bundle of contradictions. She was a fierce partisan with a remarkably impartial mind. She had a passion for the truth; and often drew on her imagination like a gossip-writer. She dissected her friends mercilessly, but not so mercilessly as herself. She was an egotist without a trace of personal vanity. Her words could be as cruel as a lash, her actions were uniformly kind. She was an aristocrat, of discriminating exclusiveness, who had no trace of class-consciousness or snobbery. She was a brilliant writer and conversationalist, who yet wrote slipshod English and talked too much, to the verge of boring her audience by a surfeit of fireworks and egotism. And indeed she had as a foundation the scrappiest of education. Emotional and sensitive, she possessed a diamond-hard mind which could drill down to the point and to the kernel of the truth, sweeping aside all irrelevance and side-issues. The loyalest of friends, she sometimes betrayed the secret frailties of her closest intimates. But in her character there was no contradiction to her largeness of heart, or to her courage. Few women have been more misunderstood (and small wonder!); few more bitterly disapproved of. For the Press, she was always red-hot news-value. She warmed both hands before the fire of life and was scorched, I do not doubt, though she would never have squealed under any torture; and I think she was ready to depart, though she had loved life with a rare zest. She had told unpalatable truths to reigning sovereigns, offered constant advice to embarrassed premiers, prayed with Salvationists on the floor of a third-class carriage, hunted in the shires, written best-sellers, tried out everything, usually with success; feared nothing and despised nothing but pettiness, moral cowardice and narrowness. Indeed, she had one of the kindest, bravest, largest hearts that beat in the Britain of her long and ever-changing era, and she had a full life and used her talents to the limit.

**Laval.**—This surely, in face and character and by every action of his life, is *Judas No.* 1 of our day—Laval. Beside him, all the other French traitors were amateurs, and all the Nazi thieves-kitchen mere beginners. He is in French hands and those hands should know how to deal with him. He must be tried, of course, and all that can be said in his favour will be said, but if ever a prisoner in the dock was prejudged, if ever a verdict of guilty was certain, if ever a prosecution could bank on the certainty that no extenuating evidence could be forthcoming, it is so in the trial of Laval. Indeed, the unhappy trial of Pétain in his dotage has already legally prejudged Laval, and there can be no forgetting the details of Pétain's trial by any elaborately selected French jury.

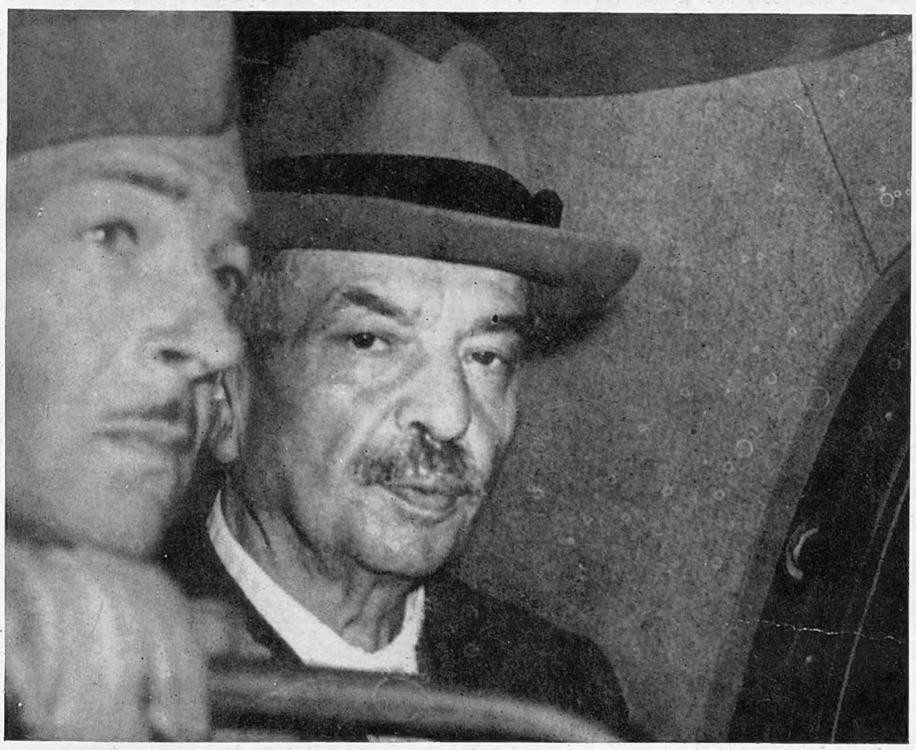
THE OLD STAGER



THE CENTRAL FIGURES AT THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE ARE PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER AT THEIR LAST MEETING: It has now been announced that the Conference was held in the Cecilienhof, the Palace of the former Crown Prince at Potsdam. In this picture the three leaders are seen seated in front—Mr. Clement Attlee, President Truman and Marshal Stalin. Behind them stand Admiral Leahy (U.S.), Mr. Ernest Bevin (Foreign Secretary), Mr. James Byrnes (American Secretary of State) and M. Molotov (Russian Foreign Commissar)

# The FINAL MEETING at POTSDAM

## The Return of Laval to France



AT LONG LAST, LAVAL HAS RETURNED TO PARIS—A PRISONER: This picture was taken at Le Bourget as the former Prime Minister of the Vichy Government was being driven off to Fresnes Prison, on the outskirts of the capital

AT HERSCHING AIRPORT, NEAR LINZ, IN AUSTRIA, just after Laval's aircraft had arrived in American territory from Barcelona. He appeared to be a haggard and unkempt old man, according to observers on the spot

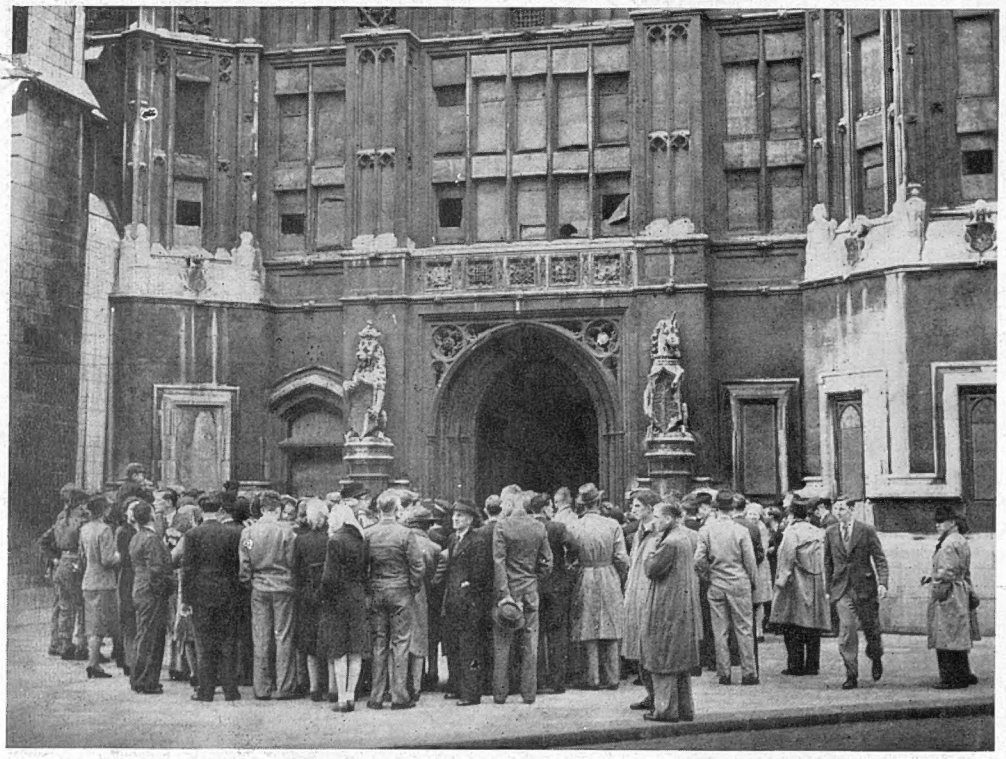
MME. LAVAL, the arch-traitor's wife, appeared to be in happy mood at Hersching

At long last, Pierre Laval has been laid by the heels. Expelled from Barcelona, where he had taken refuge after the fall of Germany, he flew in a Luftwaffe aircraft to the American zone in Austria—to be promptly handed over to the French. He is now lodged in Fresnes Prison, awaiting his trial on the most serious charges. He has already been introduced to the Pétain trial as a witness

# The CHANGED POLITICAL SCENE

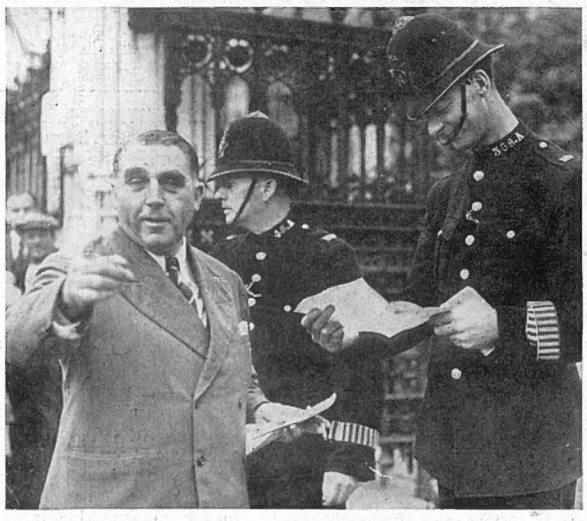
New and Old Faces at Westminster, Where the Labour Party Now Command an Overwhelming Majority. Parliament Reassembles on the 15th

**THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND THE NEW HOSTESS AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET : The Rt. Hon. Clement Richard Attlee and Mrs. Attlee.** The Prime Minister is sixty-two years of age : he was educated at Haileybury and Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1905, and served in the 1914-18 War in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France, retiring with the rank of Major. He has represented Limehouse since November 1922. Mrs. Attlee was formerly Miss Violet Millar, of Hampstead. They were married in 1922
In the last Parliament, Mr. Attlee was Deputy Prime Minister under Mr. Churchill



**WHEN THE NEW PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON AUGUST 1, for the election of the Speaker, great crowds witnessed the arrival of the new Members, and great interest was displayed in the unfamiliar faces of many of the newcomers**

**MR. ATTLEE IN POSSESSION AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET :** It is likely that the new Prime Minister's pipe will become as famous as Mr. Baldwin's, or as well known as Mr. Churchill's cigars—for he is rarely seen without one. This picture is characteristic of Mr. Attlee's general informal style of dress. He is the first Labour Prime Minister to enjoy an undoubted Labour majority in the House



**HOW THE CREDENTIALS OF THE NEW M.P.S WERE CHECKED :** Mr. E. Gandar Dower displays his papers to the police on guard at the House of Commons. It was he who beat Sir Archibald Sinclair, the wartime Secretary for Air, in Caithness and Sutherland

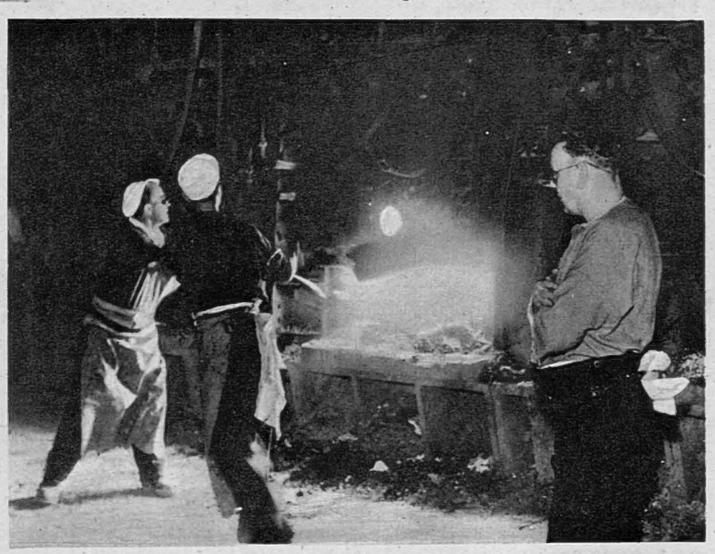
**WIFE OF THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER :** Mrs. Morrison, who rarely figures in public. She likes to sew, and makes most of her own clothes

**LABOUR M.P. FOR EAST LEWISHAM : Mr. Herbert Morrison, the new Lord President of the Council and the Deputy Prime Minister.** It was he who organised Labour's campaign, and to him is due a considerable part of their success. His own majority in Lewisham was a great one. Formerly he sat for South Hackney, and he was Home Secretary in Mr. Churchill's Government

**MR. ANTHONY EDEN MAKES HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE THE ELECTION:** He attended the House on August 1, but this time as a private member and not as Foreign Secretary; he seemed to be quite recovered after his recent illness. He sits for Warwick and Leamington, where he secured a very great majority

**THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO SWEPT BIRMINGHAM:** Seven of Birmingham's ten Socialist M.P.s arrive for the first meeting at Westminster. From left to right, they are—Alderman P. L. E. Shurmer, Sparkbrook; Mr. F. Longden, Deritend; Mr. C. J. Simmonds, West; Mrs. E. A. Wills, Duddeston; Mr. V. F. Yates, Ladywood; Mr. W. Perrins, Yardley; and Mr. J. Silverman, Erdington

**THE NEW MEMBERS INSPECT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:** Most of these men are newcomers to Westminster. They are here being escorted by the veteran Mr. David Kirkwood, seventy-three-year-old Labour Member (fifth from right)



**THE STEELWORKER M.P. SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HIS MATES:** Mr. Jack Jones, on the right, formerly a steelmaker of Irlam, near Manchester, is here inspecting the furnace for the last time as he clocks off to become J. H. Jones, Labour M.P. for Bolton. He recently went to America as a member of a Trade Union Mission, and he was an outstanding success. For thirty-two years he has worked at the Lancashire Steel Corporation's Irlam foundry. He will lose money to become an M.P.: as a steelmaker he earned more than the £600 a year he will now receive as a Member of Parliament

**FATHER AND SON:** Mr. Noel-Baker, M.P. for Derby, with his son, who is also a Member of Parliament, Captain L. Noel-Baker, successful in his contest at Chiswick. Both are sitting on the Labour benches

**HUSBAND AND WIFE:** Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his wife (better known as Miss Jennie Lee) leaving for the House. The former sits for Ebbw Vale; the latter for Cannock. Mr. Bevan has been one of Mr. Churchill's most constant and severest critics. Miss Lee previously sat for North Lanark from 1929 to 1931. The two were married in 1934

**A NEW BEARD IN THE HOUSE:** Mr. R. Clitherow, who won the Edge Hill (Liverpool) seat for Labour, arrives at Westminster with his wife. The bearded M.P. was at one time a corporal in the Canadian Royal North-West Mounted Police, and served with them in the southern Saskatchewan district

**THE DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY TRANSPORT IN BURMA BY R.A.F. BOMBING PLANES—A drawing which illustrates a dilemma of modern warfare: the breaking of the bridges and roads, and the destruction of engines and rolling-stock, although necessary at the time, produces after-effects which impose a considerable strain on Allied resources**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

# FIGHTING by AIR and LAND in BURMA

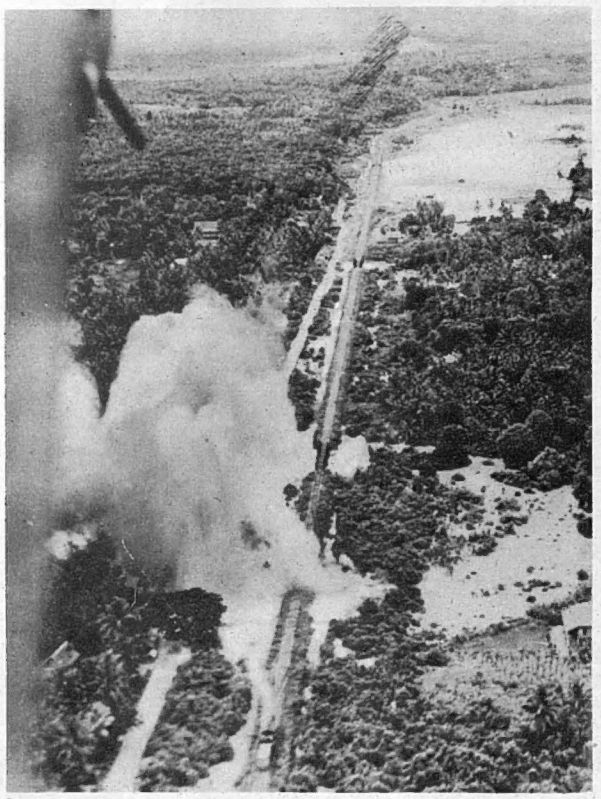
—*Special Sphere Drawings*

During the campaigns against Italians and Germans in Europe, it was found that bombing from the air could have a boomerang effect. At Cassino, and later at Caen, so concentrated were the attacks that, after the enemy had gone, our own troops could not advance—or not as quickly as was anticipated—so completely had the bombers done their work.

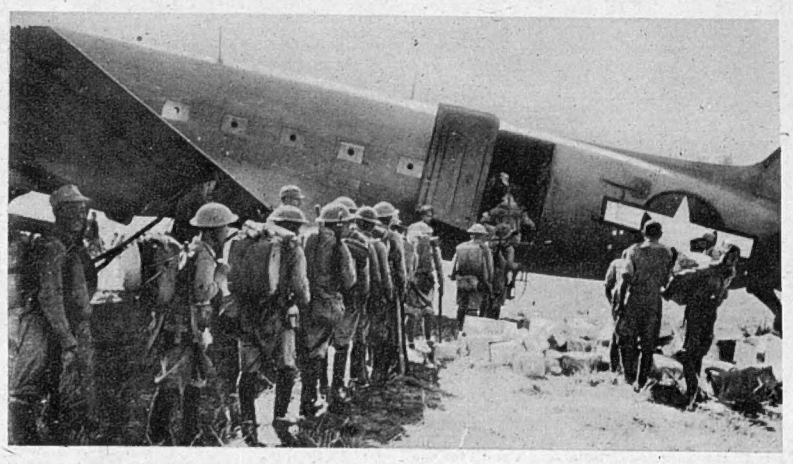
The same thing is being experienced in Burma. But in the jungle the breakdown of roads and railways is an even more serious matter. For there are few alternative routes. Coupled with the monsoon weather and the trackless jungle stretches, transport is a most serious problem, which R.A.F. destruction does not improve!

And yet the bombers must carry out their work if the Japs are to be driven out. The degree of destruction to be wrought along the enemy lines of communication must be carefully thought out by the High Command if unnecessary hardship later is to be avoided.

**A SCENE ON THE BANGKOK-SINGAPORE RAILROAD after an attack by Liberators of the R.A.F.:** During a recent 40-miles sweep of the railway south of Chumphon, rolling-stock and marshalling yards were attacked by the R.A.F. An idea of the damage wrought by the Liberators may be gauged from this picture of the marshalling yards at Chumphon, key junction on the Kra Isthmus for all supplies and military material for the Japanese in Burma and Siam. The view was taken nearly a month after the attack, yet no effort has been made by the Japs to clear wreckage or to re-lay the permanent way

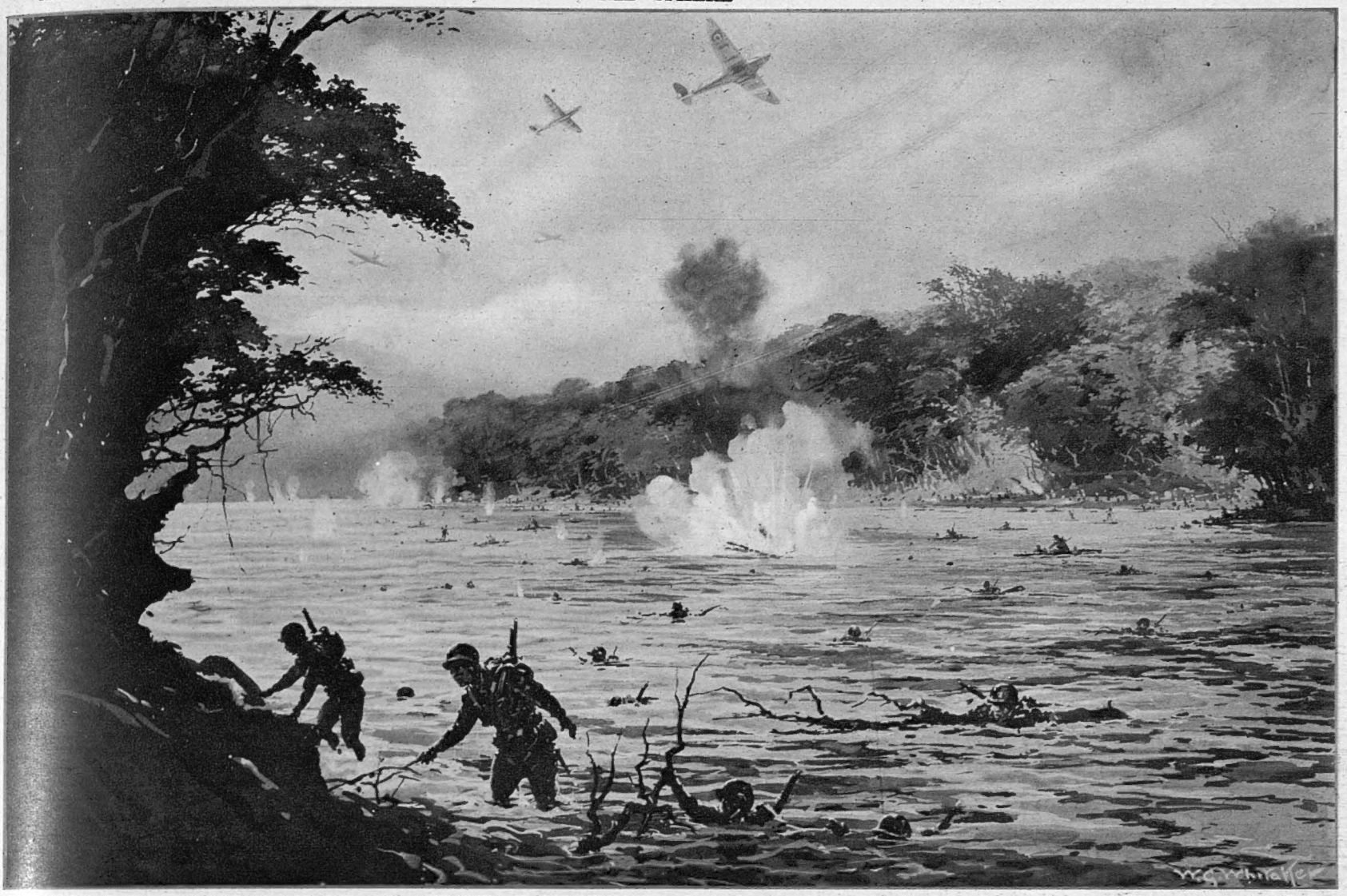


**DURING THE R.A.F. "SWEEP" OF THE BANGKOK-SINGAPORE RAILWAY this vivid picture was taken from the beam hatch of one of the attacking Liberators:** It shows bombs exploding on the permanent way just short of one of the bridges. Torrential monsoon rain has flooded the countryside on both sides of the track



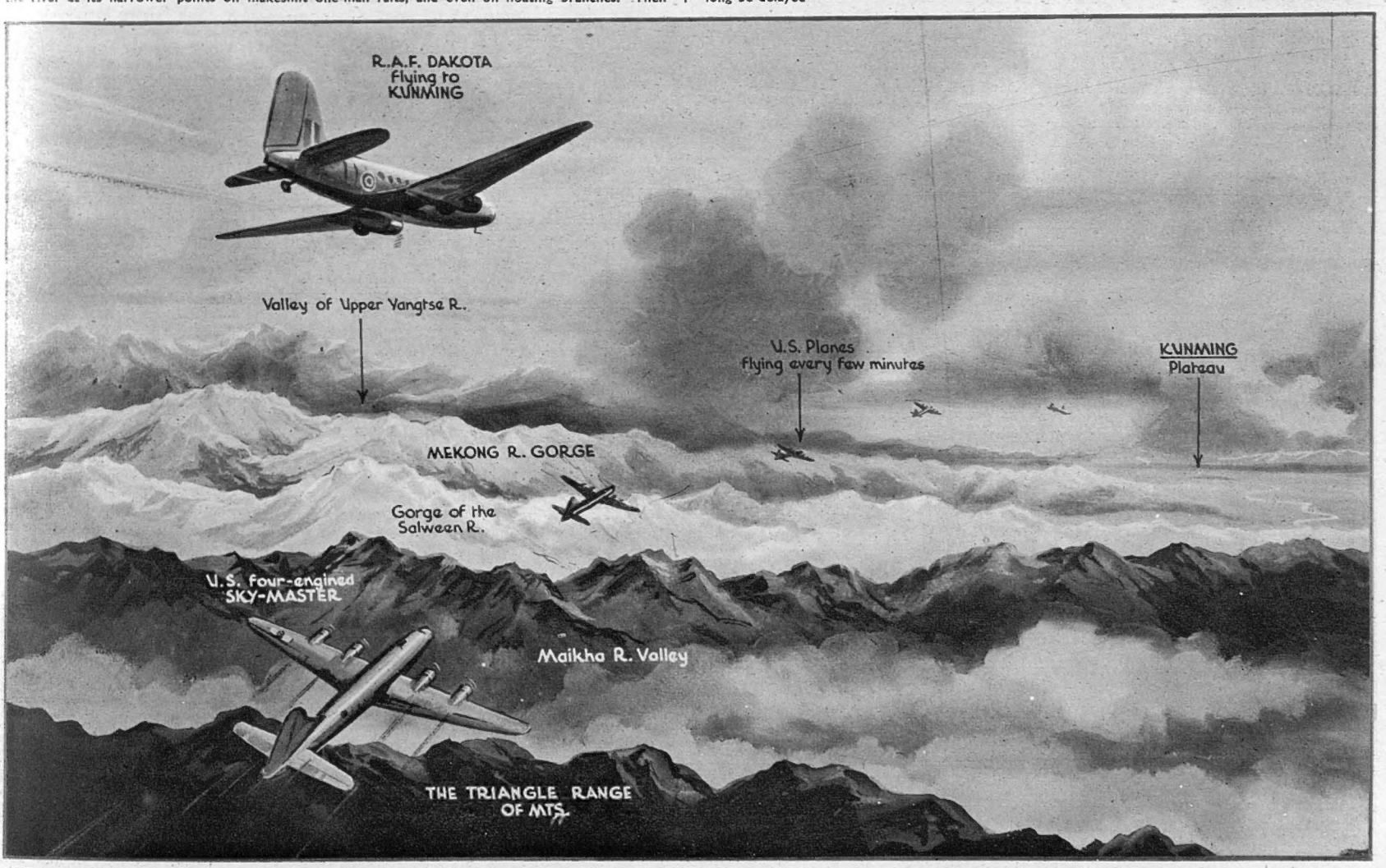
**READY TO FLY OVER THE "HUMP" TO CHINA: Chinese soldiers of the Sixth Army climbing aboard one of the aircraft which will fly them back**

The 1,000-mile trip from Calcutta to Kunming, in China, is made daily by an R.A.F. Dakota across the "Hump"—that 400-mile-wide Himalayan mountain barrier between India and China. "We had just twisted down from oxygen-mask altitude to fly along the gorges shadowed by the razor-back mountains. Fifteen-minutes flying time would bring us to Kunming, now one of the world's busiest airfields, on the Yunnan Plateau, 6,400 ft. above sea-level," wrote Mr. Edmund Townshend recently. "Then across the valley before us unrolled the sinister curtain of a monsoon storm-cloud rearing from ground-level maliciously. This battle, with the tropical weather, is the daily routine of the R.A.F. aircrews who fly the 'Hump.' The R.A.F. flies one aircraft daily each way over the 'Hump,' supplying British military missions in China, whereas American transport aircraft stream over it day and night at the rate of one every few minutes. Small as it is, the R.A.F. Hump-



**THE DIFFICULT TASK OF WIPING-OUT THE JAPS CONTINUES—IN THE MONSOON: Single Japs on logs and rafts have been trying to infiltrate across the Sittang River, and have been heavily bombed from the air whilst doing so**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

According to recent reports from Calcutta, Japanese troops in Burma are still swarming across the Sittang River bend as reinforcements for the enemy concentration on the western bank. Pouring out like ants from the tropical forest on the far side, the enemy soldiers are daily paddling themselves across the river at its narrower points on makeshift one-man rafts, and even on floating branches. Their reinforcement effort is suffering heavily under non-stop strafing from fighter-bombers, whose pilots have been working hard at this task during the past few days. What the Japanese tactics will be when they have finally assembled their force on the west bank remains to be disclosed. But the battle cannot long be delayed




**OVER THE "HUMP" INTO CHINA: BRITISH AND AMERICAN PILOTS FLY OVER THE SERRATED GORGES OF THE SALWEEN AND MEKONG RIVERS TO KUNMING. The mountains and the weather combine to make this one of the world's most hazardous air trips**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

busting effort has been going on for more than a year, building up a striking record of safety. In the hundreds of crossings of the treacherous Eastern Himalayan ranges only one Dakota has been lost. It had disappeared without trace. We took the one easier route across the 'Hump.' Away to the north aircraft must fly over peaks reaching 23,000 ft., but a 14,000-ft. altitude was enough to clear the mountains on the course we set. In the monsoon season, airmen usually see little of the mountain ranges they cross, but this time we bumped over the 14,000-ft. Kaolikun peaks marking the Burma-China frontier. Then the 'Hump' suddenly bared its teeth. The curtain was drawn aside to show us a land of desolation and terror—an airman's nightmare. Straight below brooded the saw-tooth peaks of red rock, rising like moon mountains from the plunging chasms, every spur picked out harshly in the glare of the afternoon sun. Ahead, ridge after ridge criss-crossed away in darkening hues to the skyline, bleakly denying any safe landing to airmen if their engines should fail. Even emergency strips are few and remote. This is the 'Hump,' the world's most risky air transport route"

**IN RANGOON TO-DAY, WHERE THE LIFE OF THE BURMESE CIVILIANS IS NOW SWIFTLY RETURNING TO NORMAL after the upheaval caused by the Japanese invasion. In the temples and courtyards the Burmese are once again able to display their former communal life, and they are free to eat and drink after years of starvation**

# The RE-BIRTH of CIVIL LIFE in BURMA

## After Years of Japanese Occupation

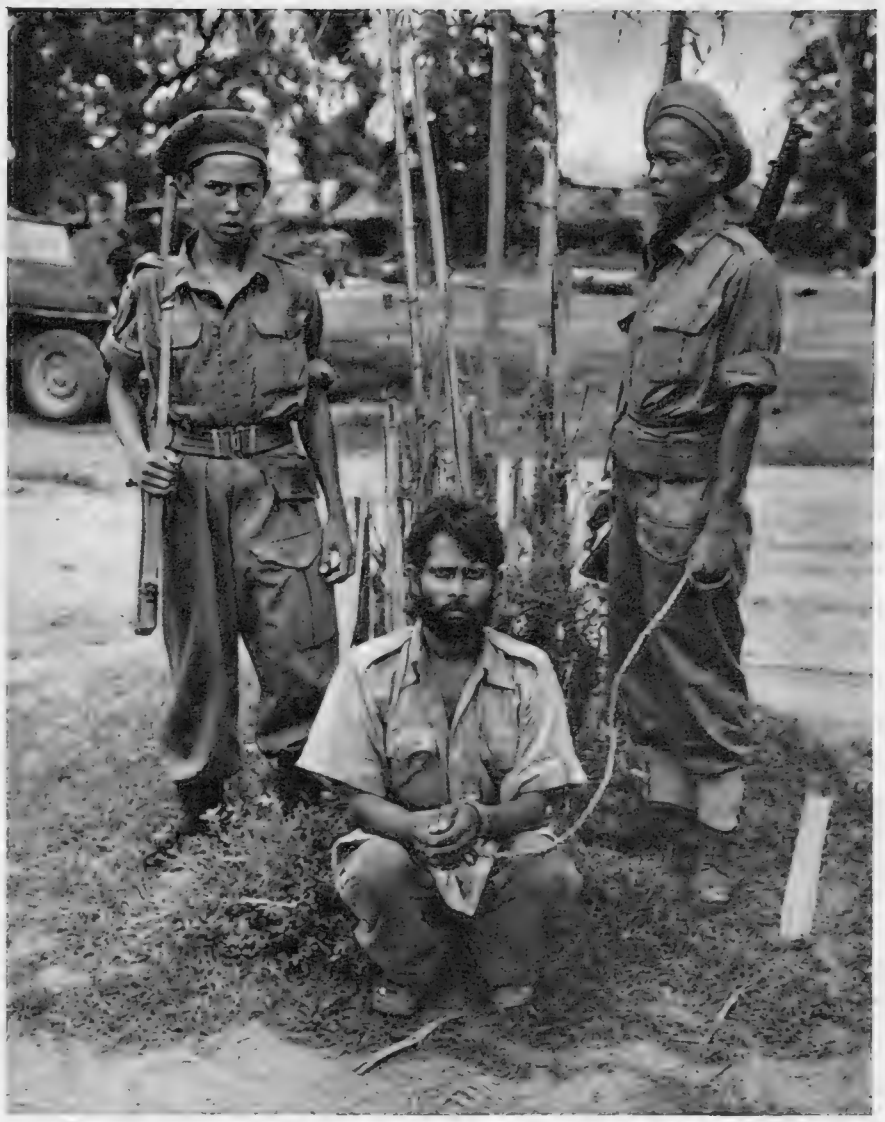
Rangoon was liberated by the British on May 3. Since then the military and civil authorities have been hard at work rehabilitating the city which the Japanese had left in a state of chaos. Before the war, Rangoon was one of the greatest and most prosperous cities of the East; under the Japanese it was reduced to desolation; after the liberation, the remaining Burmese population were found to be starving—without power or light, and with little water or medical services. Now Rangoon is being brought back to life again; and it will probably play an important part in the final defeat of Japan

The C.A.S.—Civil Affairs Service Authorities (Burma)—are performing a great work in helping the country to find its feet after years of Japanese oppression. As important as the restoration of the essential services—food, water, light and sewerage, etc.—is the restoration of confidence in, and ambition for, the place that Burma will take in the post-war world. Under the Japanese, education was at a standstill, banditry was rife, and the thinking Burmese were bewildered by a hotch-potch of propaganda. Now schools have reopened, the Burmese police are being reorganised, gangsters are being rounded up, and C.A.S. news broadcasts are presenting world affairs to the Burmese in their true perspective. Food production and distribution have been quickly revived in each liberated area, and the famous Shwebo Plain paddy-fields are helping to provide rice for most of the people of liberated Burma. The pictures reproduced here, recently to hand from South-East Asia, show how Burma is being guided back to normal life

**"BISCUIT MORNING" IS A POPULAR WEEKLY GATHERING FOR THE REFUGEE BURMESE CHILDREN: These free delicacies, dispensed by the Civil Affairs Authorities, are greatly enjoyed after three years of Japanese occupation on a starvation ration of rice—and rice alone. Over 1,200 homeless refugees, mainly Anglo-Indian and Anglo-Burmese families, are being housed in the C.A.S. camp at Maymyo, run by the Civil Affairs officer for the district**

**TO-DAY IN RANGOON, THE BURMESE SHOPS SELL MANY OF THE DELICACIES WHICH WERE FORMERLY REQUISITIONED BY THE JAPS. Roast ducks, for instance, are cheap and plentiful. Here is a whole row of them displayed in a shop window and ready for hungry customers**

THE BURMA POLICE RESUME THEIR FORMER DUTIES: Here a body of recruits are receiving instruction in the use of fire-arms at a training centre near Shwebo, in North Burma. Their chief is an Englishman (standing in background)—Major C. W. Beadon, who comes from Thames Ditton



DACOITS, OR BANDITS, RESPONSIBLE FOR MURDER RAIDS ON ISOLATED VILLAGES, ARE NOW BEING ROUNDED UP IN LIBERATED BURMA. This prisoner, charged as a suspected gangster, will be brought to trial for armed robbery and murder

ROM VILLAGES WIDESPREAD AROUND THE GREAT CENTRAL SHWEBO PLAIN, the slow and creaking carts, bullock-drawn, file in all day and night with their loads of paddy from the great, swampy rice-fields

IN A RANGOON MARKET-PLACE: The fruit spread out on the pavement includes exotic Oriental varieties, such as the mango and the luscious custard apple

HE BURMESE GIRLS NOW ENJOY GOOD PAY: These three have just received their wages. They are employed as cooks at one of the feeding centres established by Civil Affairs

MEN OF THE PATRIOT BURMESE FORCES, who are giving valuable help to the British by going into Jap-occupied villages and bringing back information. They are clothed in a mixture of Japanese and British equipment

# THE TRIUMPHANT PURSUIT OF NAZI SECRETS

## The Complex Task of Routing Out the Story of Twelve Years of Nazi Dominination in Germany.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE sequel to the victory over Germany has not received its due of recognition. Amid no small amount of criticism of the Occupation as this has been carried out by the Western Allies, it is fitting to sound a counter-blast, and this I do in praise of those who have made such a fine job of uncovering the secrets of Nazi Germany and the Nazis.

Luck they have had, and they would be the first to admit it. But much of the success achieved has been traceable to willed circumstance—such as a painstaking analysis before the German frontier was crossed of all that we most wished to know, followed by a swift pouncing forward by experts, who sometimes found themselves in the spearhead of the advance and, by so doing, confounded Nazi custodians of very secret secrets. One German director was actually found addressing a board meeting on how to dispose of the firm's secrets.

Ever since, the many-fingered task of routing out the full story of the Twelve Nazi Years has known no relaxing. Party, military, political, social, industrial, scientific, financial, economic—daily the innermost picture of Hitlerian Germany is filling out.

I should hazard that the material and information derive in the main from a quartette of sources: the interrogation of captive high-ups, the voluntary aid given by other Germans with much to reveal, the tracking down of caches and secret sites, and happening upon files and documentation of first consequence.

If Hitler could not prevent some of this transpiring in the event of defeat, it showed rank bad management to leave so much lying about. The Nazi leaders may have been rocked off their feet in the final stage, yet one would have thought such men would have taken precautions against that too.

How much is being got out of the pretty collection at Mondorf-les-Bains, in Luxemburg, I have no inkling, but if Speer and Kesselring are any criterion, it must be quite a lot. Forty-year-old Albert Speer was the Führer's ideal of the perfect Nazi, and the last I heard of him he was out where we want him and talking freely. Formerly Minister of Armament and Munitions, Speer has every aspect of German war production and economy at his finger-tips, and, fortunately, not only has he a retentive memory for detail, but many of his files and much of his correspondence into the bargain.

Speer has already let us right in on the false calculations and faked pictures of German war industry—the faking done to play up to Hitler's rosy views. Albert had to humour the boss, and his reports show how he did so, more particularly in the last year. The centre of the picture is a Führer immersed in wishful thinking, wildly self-confident and refusing to admit to miscalculation or error.

This white-headed boy should be made to write a full-length study of his late genius before being passed for trial—if, indeed, he ever is, since even Nazi leaders, the less criminally involved ones, can work their passage by helping now. Incidentally, stranger things could be than that the trials of the chief Nazi war criminals are being held up because they are still being coaxed into talking by fits and starts. Why waste the golden opportunity just in order to judge them a little sooner?

Some of these fellows, the Leys and Streichers, Ribbentrops and Goerings, are evidently getting into pretty putrid shape. Long used to tyrannising as Roman voluptuaries, such men in captivity deflate rapidly—even on American rations—while there is the added incentive to talk about one another, deriving from a mounting mutual hatred. One can visualise Goering being coaxed with a lobster and Burgundy. I used to coax German officers with Burgundy until G.H.Q. decided that it "might excite the imagination of the interrogating officer as well as that of the prisoner." But that is long ago.

Even the soldiers are talking, as Brigadier-General Adcock, General Eisenhower's new Deputy for Military Government, told us at Frankfort the other day. The chief thing the Americans wanted to know from Kesselring was how the German armies were so well fed during the final crashing months of falling back, and Kesselring obliged with a detailed statement of how they fed off the country on a long-arranged plan. No large food stores for the Allies to blow up; such was the idea, and the success achieved broke new military ground for contemporary warfare.

Most useful of those who talk without any constraint being put upon them, but wishing to ingratiate themselves, are the industrialists and the scientists. There are as many as we want of the former, of the first flight and not only eager to divulge the whole "works" but to run their former plant and factories for us. Of the scientists, Dr. Osenberg is the plum, and Dr. Müller a good second. Osenberg was head of the Reich Research Council and he was kind enough to have his entire staff around too, together with documents of such value that it has been possible to compile a list of Germany's 14,000 leading technicians, along with the precise nature of each man's work.

Müller was Germany's chief jet-propulsion and gas-turbine expert, and is a mine of information relative to high-speed U-boats and V-weapons that were approaching the trials stage. A post-H. G. Wells character.

Then there's old Alfred Hugenberg up another street, the financial and economic one. He has presented F.-M. Montgomery with a blue-print of how to reconstruct Germany, having previously provided Hitler with much of the wherewithal that facilitated Hitler's war.

The uncovering of the caches and secret sites should make a romantic thriller. The "Egypt's" gold and King Solomon's Mines have nothing on the treasure that the Americans have assembled in a bank on the Main—everything from rubies to gold teeth, and Marie Theresa thalers to Oom Paul sovereigns, piles and piles of gold bars (dull things), and stacks of jewels and no bank-notes. And this is the less important cache side.

Bold enterprise, luck, and German venality have led the Western Allies to hidden laboratories where a totally different, follow-up stage of the late war had been in active preparation. One building was specially fitted out to test gas bombs. I was told in Germany that Hitler refused to use gas because he was once the victim of it himself. At any rate, he was constantly pressed to use it.

In like category go the great caves of the lower Harz wherein was found the very latest plant for the production of V-weapons, and the underground war factories right inside mountains, in one of which, 4,000 slave workers were to have turned out a rocket with wings and another with radar control. The Nazis were mad about the inside of mountains, caves, and salt-mines, and it is more than likely that this "right inside" craze sprang from Hitler himself. I recently walked through a 150-yard tunnel at the top of the 6,000-ft. Kehlstein to get to his "eagle's nest," and he began to bore this before the war.

Files and documents have been successfully sleuthed on information received, or because their guardians got rattled and fled, or were killed in air raids. We have a good deal more of the records of the Gestapo and the Nazi Party than we can ever have dared to hope for.

The latest to join the general collection is the full dossier of Germany's man-power losses up to November 1944 (4,000,000). General Reinicke, Wehrmacht propaganda chief, hid this record in a Berlin house. With as much success as the I.G. Farben director who buried in his garden a large suit-case crammed with the "hottest" documents bearing on the international chemical cartel.

The Farben wallahs had no luck. Another director put a foot-deep layer of dyestuff agreements, the secrets of two continents, beneath portraits and mementos of his wife and family, calculated to stay the hand even of a probing G.I. A third high-up interred his files under such a mountain of paper that it took a batch of prisoners several hours to grope and reach the prize.

There are important records and documents we have not got, and may never get. Ernst Bohle's files of the world-wide "Germans Abroad" organisation have, I believe, still to be found, and they would throw light on German holdings in other countries; likewise details of Axmann's Hitler Youth and Schepmann's S.S., and Kaltenbrunner's S.D. (Security Police). So far as I could determine, these three leaders are missing along with their documents. But, all in all, it has been a splendid chase, run with preparation and brio which have yielded brilliant rewards. And it is still on.

I know I never dreamed that we should get down to the whole yarn with such celerity.

And I haven't mentioned the Russkis. One can only surmise what they have been able to come by, not least by their unique ability to make people confess, people they have occasion to dislike.

## TROUBLE IN LIECHTENSTEIN

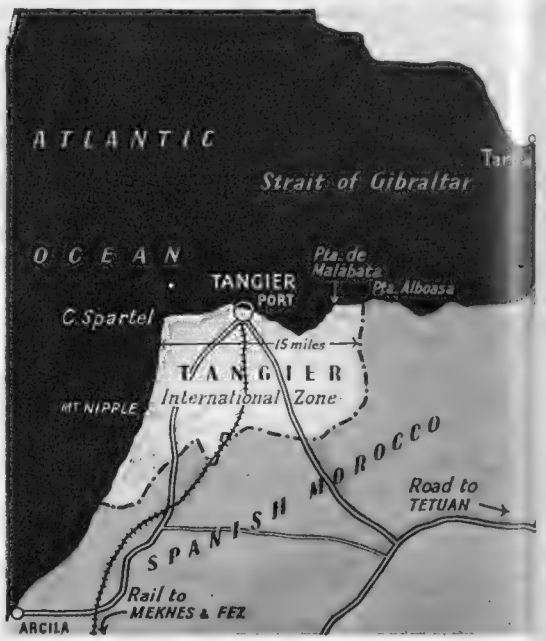
**THE TINY PRINCIPALITY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND SWITZERLAND where certain Nazis have taken refuge:** The little State nestles between the westernmost area of Alpine Austria, namely, the Vorarlberg province, and the eastern provinces of Switzerland. It lies on the right bank of the Rhine. Outwardly Vaduz, the capital of the little State, wears a Puritanian air of romance, but beneath the surface of its pleasant day-by-day life there has been much scheming and intrigue. Even in peacetime Liechtenstein enjoyed a special notoriety in financial circles for the facilities which it appeared to offer to a certain type of financial enterprise. Both in Liechtenstein itself and in the neighbouring republic of Switzerland, certain undesirable refugees have taken up their abode, and it became a question of a somewhat pressing nature whether these personages should be expelled

## M. GEORGES CARPENTIER

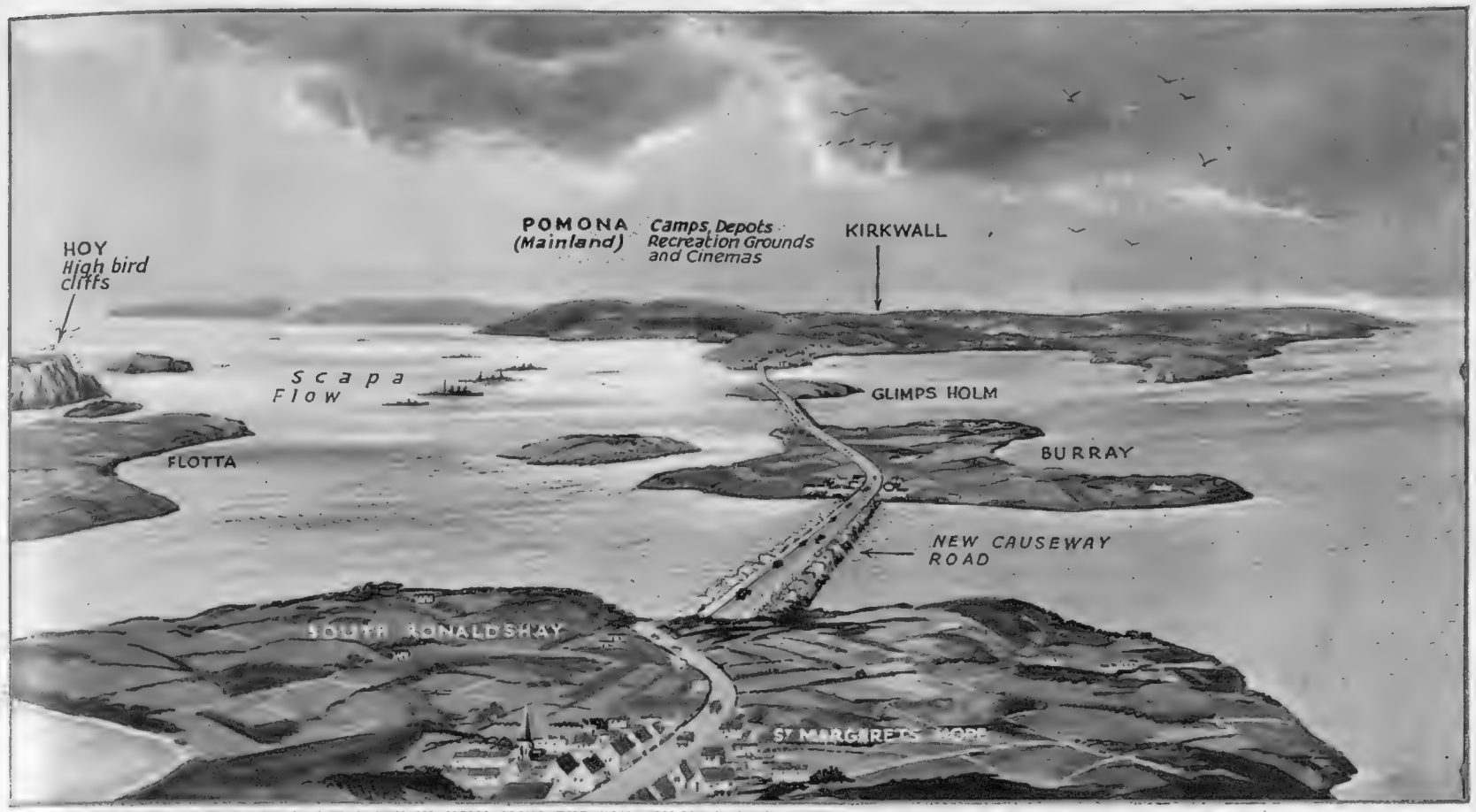
In our issue of October 14, 1944, we published statements referring to M. Georges Carpentier, the famous French boxer. These statements we have since found to be incorrect, and we hereby apologise to him for their publication and for any pain or annoyance caused thereby.

We regret the error, which arose through a confusion with another person of the same name: we desire to make it clear that M. Georges Carpentier, the well-known boxer, has never been arrested or charged as a "collaborationist" or taken part in collaborationist activities.

## THE FUTURE OF TANGIER




**THE DISCUSSIONS CONCERNING ITS INTERNATIONAL STATUS:** Talks are going on in Paris about the regime to be established in Tangier, which had been made into an international zone in 1906. In November 1940, Spain took control of Tangier, dismissed the administration, and, above all, permitted the Germans to reopen their consulate, closed for twenty-six years. Spain had dared to take this step knowing that Britain was at the time too fully occupied in her struggle with Hitler to maintain her rights. After the Allied defeat of the Germans in North Africa in 1943, Spain became more conciliatory, but it was not until May 1944 that the Germans were finally forced to return to Germany. The talks which are going on in Paris do not include a Spanish representative, but Russia has asked to be there and the United States is to be asked. A new international zone is to be established




THE GREAT CAUSEWAY IN THE ORKNEYS WHICH NOW JOINS THE FOUR ISLANDS OF LAMB HOLM, GLIMPS HOLM, BURRAY AND SOUTH RONALDSHAY TO THE ORKNEY MAINLAND and seals the entrances to the naval base of Scapa Flow: It is to remain a permanent road for the benefit of the islanders—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN MAY 1942: It shows part of the boom-defence system at Scapa Flow against attack by German U-boats

ONE OF THE ORKNEY CAUSEWAYS AS IT APPEARED DURING CONSTRUCTION: Concrete blocks of 5 and 10 tons were made to protect the exposed faces

FROM THE FLOATS ON THE SURFACE, THIS GREAT SHEET OF STEEL NETS WAS HUNG, to prevent enemy submarines from penetrating into the Flow and attacking the British warships at anchor there

THE GREAT TIDAL RACE THROUGH ONE OF THE SOUNDS over which the Orkney causeway was built: It ran at a very great speed

## THE ORKNEY CAUSEWAY

### Built During the War for the Protection of Scapa Flow

Built for war, to seal the eastern entrances to Scapa Flow, the gigantic causeway joining the four islands of Lamb Holm, Glimps Holm, Burray and South Ronaldshay to the Orkney mainland now serves the peace by carrying supplies from Kirkwall within the hour, along a 16-ft. wide thoroughfare. Until recently, the islanders were entirely dependent upon the weather to allow coastal craft to bring their supplies.

Now, by the construction of a gigantic causeway nearly 1½ miles long, built across channels as deep as 55 ft., through currents as fast as 10 knots, the four islands form part of the Orkney mainland. This triumph of British engineering—another monument of wartime achievement—seals the eastern entrances to Scapa Flow, to give protection to the Fleet and provide anchorage previously impossible because of the tidal race between the islands. There can now be no repetition of attack such as was made through the Eastern Sounds by the U-boat which sank the old battleship H.M.S. *Royal Oak* in October 1939.

Some idea of the magnitude of the project may be gained from the fact that 650,000 tons of rock were quarried near by and conveyed by large overhead cableways to the causeway sites; while a further 325,000 tons of 5- and 10-ton concrete blocks were made to protect the exposed faces of the construction. In addition, 3½ miles of permanent new road were built across the islands.

In June 1942, the first causeway ridge broke the surface of the sea. About 800 workers and 1,000 Italian prisoners of war were employed, housed in specially-constructed camps. In the early days, accommodation was provided in a passenger ship, moored offshore.

# In the PACIFIC WAR ZONE

## Phases of the Campaign Against the Japs

*On left*—**BRITISH MARINES FORTIFY A "SECRET" TROPICAL ANCHORAGE: A picture of Addu Atoll, in the Maldives, where the "Queen Mary" and several other of the world's largest ships have refuelled since September 1941**

**The story of "Port T"** is yet another naval secret whose existence has just been revealed by the Admiralty. "Port T" is a naval base with full defences hacked out of the jungle on Addu Atoll, a collection of waterless coral islets in the Indian Ocean, 500 miles from Colombo and 3,000 from Australia. Like the Mulberry, Pluto and Fido, "Port T" was always known by its code name. Absolute secrecy was essential, for this port was a vital link on the convoy route to Australia and for certain operations in the Indian Ocean.

Royal Marines went ashore on Addu Atoll in September 1941; their task, to establish coastal batteries, searchlights, signal towers, roads, camps and jetties for a naval base. The Atoll is in the extreme south of the Maldive Islands; it consisted of a rough triangle of coral islets, surrounded by a coral reef which enclosed a deep lagoon. On four of the islands—Gan, Hitadu, Midu and Wilingili—coastal batteries and searchlights were required, while Gan was developed as the main base.

In spite of the enormous difficulties, the work was pushed on with relentless speed. First, landing-places had to be improved by blasting away the coral, then sites cleared in the jungle for camps. Roadways to take heavy guns and equipment had to be cut through the scrub to the battery sites before work of gun-mounting could begin. The programme required the guns to be mounted in six weeks, and in six weeks to the day the batteries fired their proof rounds—but not before the Devon and Kent batteries of the R.M. Coast Regiment working on Hitadu and Mitu had been reduced by sickness to less than fifty men apiece.

**THE BARREL OF ONE OF THE BIG COASTAL-DEFENCE GUNS INSTALLED BY THE ROYAL MARINES ON ADDU ATOLL, after it had become apparent that Japan intended to enter the war in 1941** (See *note at left*)

**HOW THE AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCES SUPPORTED THE LANDINGS IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO:** Liberators and Beaufighters of the R.A.A.F. gave valuable support both before and during the recent landings of Australian troops in British North Borneo. This picture was taken at a moment when flares were being dropped from the Liberators to give the signal for the waiting assault troops to go ashore in the landing on Muara Island. Note the wakes left by the first wave of assault boats as they speed towards the shore

**ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE BITTERNESS OF THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE JAPS ON LAND:** This picture, although it was taken some time ago—during the invasion of the island of Iwo-Jima in March—is still full of interest, as it shows a rather unusual incident. The Japanese soldier seen in the picture is calling on his own comrades to surrender. They had ensconced themselves in a deep island cave and had prepared to resist to the bitter end, when the surrender call in their own tongue made them change their mind

*Above*—**IN THE RESIDENTIAL PART OF A JAPANESE TOWN: A street of bamboo houses is set on fire by Allied incendiaries during one of the many gales which, at this time of year, sweep the Jap mainland and thus intensify the work of the bombers**
—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

**The Houses of Japan.**—These are built of timber, and the consequent fear of fire has influenced the detached pavilion treatment of the larger houses. A typical middle-class dwelling, except where a central court is adopted, is planned as a rectangle, usually one storey high, with entrance, ante-room, living-rooms, kitchen, scullery, store-rooms, veranda and garden. The size and shape of the rooms depend on the number of the floor mats, varying from four to fifteen, each measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft. Walls are constructed of slight, vertical posts and horizontal beams covered with weather-boarding.

Internal partitions are formed of paper slides, 6 ft. high, with plastered or wooden frieze above them, and the screens can be slid aside so as to make the interior into one room, while the partitions on to the veranda are formed of sliding shutters. No distinction is made between living-rooms and bedrooms. Two main reception rooms form a suite, the farther one of which, a step higher than the other, has two recesses—one for a picture or a vase of flowers, the other for a display of a selection of the art treasures, kept in a "go-down" with clay walls, which acts as a fireproof store.

In some of the larger houses, the influence of European civilisation has resulted in the erection of an adjacent wing containing rooms built and furnished in what may be termed the western style.

*Below*—**HOW THE BOMBERS WORK OVER THE JAPANESE COAST: City after city along the vulnerable shoreline is set ablaze in the middle of the night. In this task, Super-Fortresses are proving instruments of the most complete destruction**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

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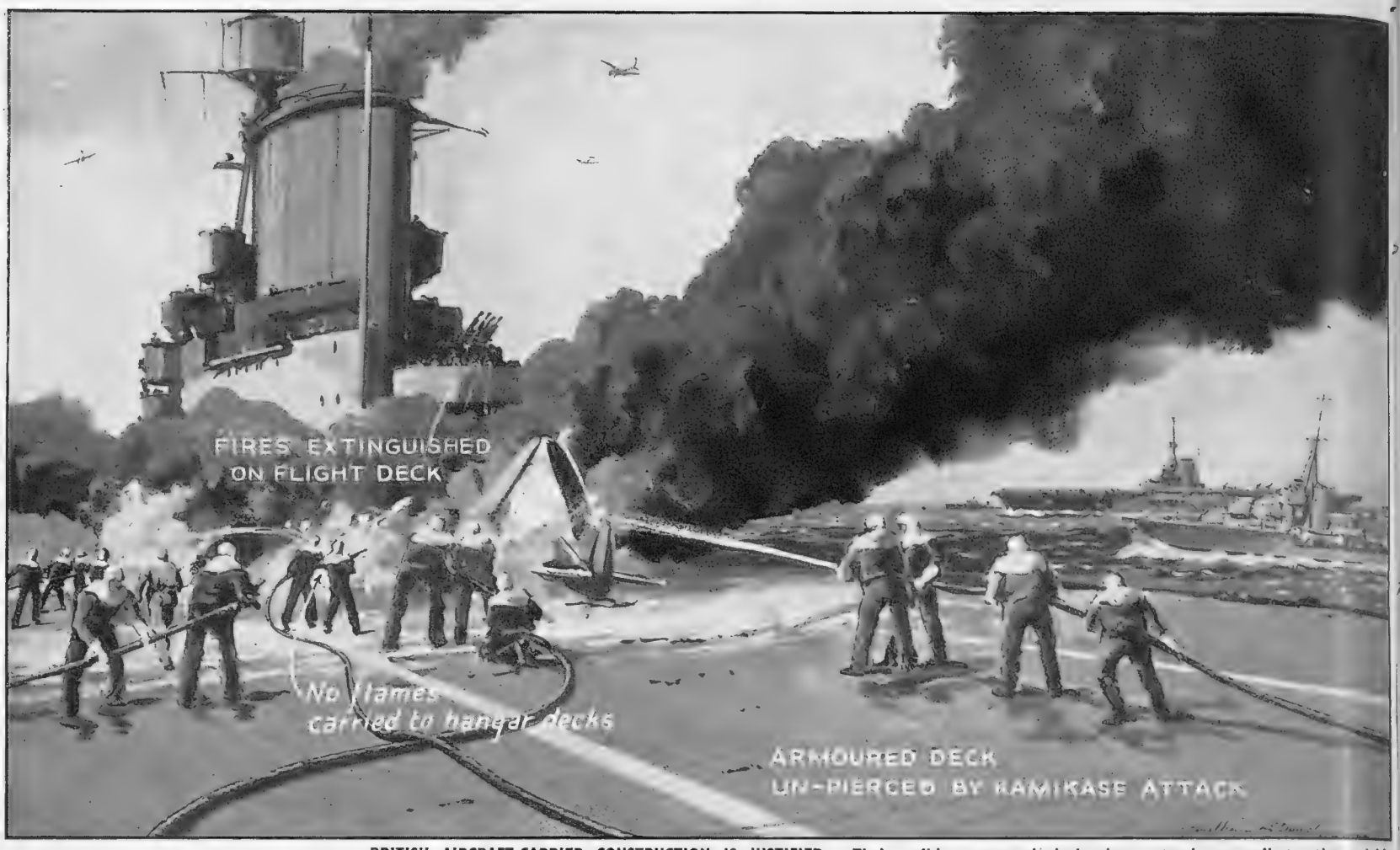



**BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER CONSTRUCTION IS JUSTIFIED : Their solid, armoured decks have stood up well to the suicide attacks now being carried out by Jap pilots in the Pacific. Many of the American carriers, by comparison, have flight-decks which are partly built of timber**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

# NAVAL and AIR WARFARE in the PACIFIC

## British Aircraft-Carriers versus the Jap Suicide Bombers

*—Special Sphere Drawings*

Three carriers have received direct hits and, in some instances, considerable flight-deck fires were started, but—so far—the flames have never been transmitted to the hangar decks : on the other hand, several American vessels have been put out of action following extensive damage from direct hits.

When fighting petrol fires from burst tanks, fire-foam equipment has been used, as shown in the drawing above. Free-burning petrol burns only on the surface, where it is in contact with the air. Consequently, it can be readily "smothered" by any air-excluding medium such as fire-foam

According to war correspondents in the Pacific, British aircraft-carriers are not being damaged as much as American vessels by Jap suicide planes. This is partly because the British ships have armoured flight-decks, while the American have partly wooden decks. Carriers like the *Illustrious* and *Victorious* have been described by one expert as "tough, formidable ships designed primarily for the close waters of the Mediterranean and stronger defensively than large carriers of the American class." No British carrier attacked by suicide aircraft has been out of action for more than two hours.

***On right***—Paralleling the story of the U.S.S. *Franklin*, the Essex-class carrier *Bunker Hill* suffered more than 700 casualties (373 of them dead) when she sustained two Jap suicide-plane attacks off Okinawa on May 11, 1945. The ship quickly became an inferno of blazing petrol and exploding ammunition. A dramatic feat of seamanship virtually saved the vessel, when her officers brought her into a sharp turn to spill tons of burning oil over her sides and head her homeward to the Puget Sound Navy Yard for repairs

**AFTER A 500-LB. BOMB FROM A JAP SUICIDE PLANE had crashed into the flight-deck of the U.S.S. "Bunker Hill" : It penetrated the deck and crashed into a pilots' "ready-room" below**

**DURING A SUICIDE ATTACK off Iwo-Jima on February 21 :** The aircraft-carrier *Saratoga* during one of the seven hits sustained by the American vessel. She resumed operations after the flames had been extinguished but had to return to the Puget Sound Navy Yard for repairs

**THE FLOATING "ICE-CREAM PARLOUR" joins the American Fleet in the Pacific :** Listed by the U.S. Navy as a "floating ice-cream, cold-storage and ice plant," this refrigerator barge serves American sailors aboard the small ships and landing-craft in the Pacific. She is built of concrete. The freezer on board can make 10 gallons of ice-cream in seven minutes ; four carloads of meat can be stored at 12 degrees above zero, and 500 tons of fresh vegetables, cheese and eggs can also be carried on board

**THE FIRST ATTACK ON THE HEART OF THE JAPANESE MAINLAND: Corsairs of the Fleet Air Arm taking off from a British carrier to bomb airfields near Tokyo on July 17. The planes took off at dawn**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

At dawn on Tuesday, July 17, British pilots took off from their carrier to attack the heart of Japan. This "strike" of Corsairs was led by Commander John Shrubsole, and had for its objective the Jap airfields near Tokyo. "All our ships have waited for this day," said Vice-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, Commander of the British carriers in the Pacific. Pilots and aircrews have come from all parts of Britain and the Empire to take part in the naval air war against Japan: in the afternoon of the day before the "strike" British Admirals visited the American Admirals in their flagship to perfect plans for the attack. The new Corsair now being flown in the Pacific is described by marine pilots as "one of the most powerful single-seater fighters in the world." A composite, improved model of all earlier Corsair designs, the new plane has tremendous speed and manœuvrability and carries six 50-calibre machine-guns in the wings. It can carry a bomb-load of 2,000 lbs., can crash-land in the sea without injury thanks to its inverted gull-wings, and is in the 425-miles-an-hour class

**AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENT RECORD-BREAKING TYPHOON IN THE PACIFIC, when twenty-one ships of the American Fleet were damaged by the storm**

This graphic picture was taken from aboard the U.S.S. *Pittsburgh* when the cruiser—with other warships of an American task force—were caught in a typhoon between the Philippines and Okinawa on June 5. The 13,000-ton cruiser lost her bow in the great 120-m.p.h. gale, but she was able to salve it herself and tow it back to Guam, Naval H.Q. in the Pacific. From there she proceeded under her own steam to the United States for repair, after the damaged portion had been roughly fixed up. For the 900-mile journey from Okinawa to Guam, the *Pittsburgh*'s speed was nine knots. The above view is looking aft along the cruiser's deck, with angry waves and low visibility on every hand as the terrific typhoon raged across the seas

# CIVILIAN LIFE IN BERLIN

## And Other Scenes in Germany To-day

**THE AFTERMATH OF TRAGEDY—A SCENE IN THE HEART OF BERLIN:** These small children are all orphans, sons and daughters of German families wiped out in bombing raids and battles. When this picture was taken they were being moved by the woman seen on the right from the East End of Berlin to an area in the West, where it was thought that they might get food

The two pictures reproduced on the left were taken at a corner near the Brandenburg Gate and the Reichstag in Berlin. They illustrate but one of the countless little tragedies now being enacted throughout the Reich.

Upon noticing this fantastic cavalcade, the photographer watched to see what developed. It turned out that these small children are all orphans who lost their families in bombing raids and battles; they were moved from the east of Berlin to an area in the west, where it was felt that they would be more likely to get food. They were about as dirty and unkempt as anyone could be, but they attracted little attention till the photographer started to take his pictures.

Several Air Force officers then began to give the woman who was leading the little flock several candy bars, which she proceeded to divide very carefully. All the children got equal shares as they ran about bare-footed or lay sleeping on top of piles of clothing and rags that served as bedding. The one child asleep seemed to be ill, or at least with a bad cold, as he did not care much even for chocolate. The pictures show German civilians who gathered to watch. Up to that point, they had not even bothered to stop.

**ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME GROUP AS THAT SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, near the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin:** The handcarts and prams are piled up with all the worldly possessions of the orphaned children

**—AND THE BLACK MARKET IN BERLIN STILL FLOURISHES:** This huge crowd had gathered round an American jeep near the Reichstag when it became known that its soldier occupants were willing to sell cigars and cigarettes for what would amount to a small fortune in England or the United States. Most of the Black Market traffic is done with, and by, the Russians; it still goes on despite the penalties imposed by the Military Authorities

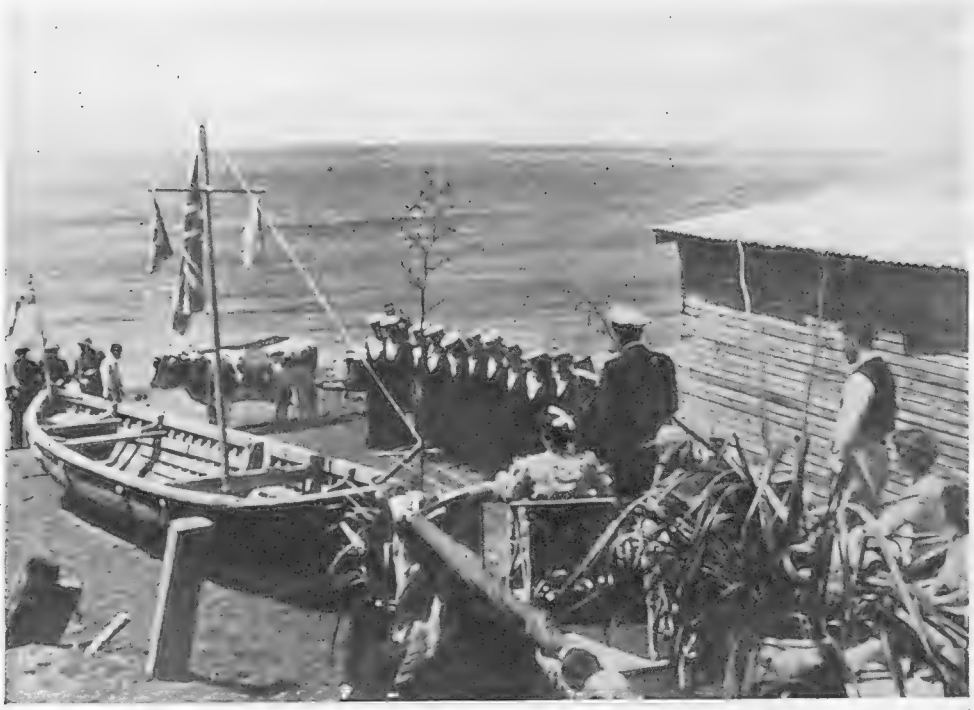
**GERMAN WOMEN PARADE IN BERLIN to encourage recruiting for land workers:** This was the first parade of its kind permitted since the Capitulation. These German women, who know the troubles the winter will bring, carry banners which read—"Help on the Land, the order of the hour"; "Help on the Land: protect yourself and your family from hunger"; "Do you want to die this winter?"

**CIVILIANS BUY THEIR DAILY RATION OF BREAD—a scene in the West End of the capital.** This wagon belongs to a German baker: it is one of the few still operating amidst the badly bombed heart of Berlin. Bakers in the capital get smaller supplies of flour than formerly, but they still manage to carry on by the use of makeshift expedients. Until the arrival of the Allied armies, the Berliners were very well fed indeed

**THE PRIDE OF THE GERMAN MERCANTILE NAVY IS PREPARED FOR SERVICE IN THE ALLIED CAUSE :** The former luxury liner *Europa* was found in a dry-dock at Bremerhaven, where she had apparently been receiving attention at the hands of German shipwrights. She has now been moved to a nearby shipyard for re-conversion work: the giant liner is to be fitted up as a troopship to help in carrying U.S. soldiers to other theatres of war—a task for which she should prove admirable. The *Europa* is a quadruple-screw vessel of nearly 50,000 tons. She was built in 1928 for the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company: her great speed of 26 knots enabled her to make very rapid crossings of the North Atlantic, and she was a great favourite with German and Continental travellers

**BRITISH, RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS WORK TOGETHER IN BERLIN :** At the Gatow Airfield, armies of the three Allied nations are working together in great harmony. In the Flying Control, the British and Americans have their apparatus side by side, while a Russian sergeant logs the incoming and outgoing aircraft. At the desk in this picture are Corporal Whate, of the R.A.F., and Staff-Sergeant Xhmelink, of Jitomir, Russia. On the right, looking through glasses on to the airfield, is Captain Bickerstaff, of Atlanta, Georgia

**THE "PROCESSING" OF GERMAN TROOPS BEFORE DEMOBILISATION :** Hundreds of soldiers who formed part of the German occupation forces in Norway are now being processed and sent home. Before boarding the ship which takes them to Germany, they are subjected to a rigid examination Many S.S. troops, hoping to evade Allied justice, have been found disguised as ordinary German soldiers. Here a German soldier stands on a raised platform while, in the foreground, Norwegian informers identify and pick out any S.S. men



**BRITAIN'S "STONE FRIGATE": A picture taken on January 15, 1944, of the commissioning of H.M.S. "Atlantic Isle," the naval title for Tristan da Cunha, the world's loneliest island in the South Atlantic, now revealed as an important Admiralty meteorological and radio station. A West African surf-boat was used for the naming ceremony, with a naval guard of honour: Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. J. S. Woolley is reading the commissioning order**

Commissioned eighteen months ago as H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle*, Tristan da Cunha is now an important meteorological and radio station. A naval party first went to the island in April 1942, and for nearly two years, before being officially commissioned as a naval base, Tristan was known as "Job Nine." A former Derby practitioner, Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. J. S. Woolley, R.N.V.R., was appointed as Medical Officer-in-Charge and later became the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle*. With his wife and two young children, a naval chaplain and a nursing sister, the new "Governor" set sail from Liverpool on March 20, 1942. In South Africa a leading cook, a leading stores assistant (formerly a Plymouth stores shop-walker), an acting cook, an engine-room artificer, a telegraphist (formerly a London electrician), a dockyard electrical fitter and a technician to supervise the construction of the radio equipment were added to Woolley's party. A construction party of the South African Engineering Corps and the Union Defence Volunteers, together with several members of the Meteorological Section of the South African Air Force, had gone to the island three weeks before. By November and December 1942, the Meteorological Section could forecast all the weather for the Cape and the Indian Ocean. The islanders' homes were primitive stone cottages, mostly grouped on a small plateau with a mountain-face rising behind almost as a precipice to 2,000 ft., dominated by a 6,760-ft. peak above. The naval party shared this grim plateau, building sleeping-quarters, bathrooms, a galley, mess and recreation rooms, store-rooms, sick quarters and houses.

On January 15, 1944, H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle* was commissioned

## THREE NAVAL WAR SECRETS RECENTLY REVEALED

—Special Sphere Drawings

***Below***—Ten of the Royal Navy's "cockle" men, specially-trained Royal Marine volunteers, in 1942 paddled in two-man canoes, officially called "cockles," 50 miles up the Gironde River to attack enemy shipping at Bordeaux. Details of the exploit, described as one of the most daring individual attacks of the war, have just been disclosed for the first time. Using limpet mines, the Marines attacked six ships, all of which were suspected of being blockade-runners. At least three, and probably five, were holed. The ten Marines in five "cockles" were launched from the submarine *Tuna* at the entrance to the Gironde on the night of December 7, 1942. Germany then held the whole of the French coastline. The crew of only one "cockle" came back safely—Major H. J. Hasler, the force commander, of Catherington, Hants, and Marine W. E. Sparks, of London. Of the rest of the party, one man was killed and the remainder were posted "missing." The two "cockles" that reached their objective covered 91 miles in five nights, their crews hiding on land by day. Three of the "cockles" were taken out on a cargo ship of 7,000 tons, two on the engine-room of a small transport and one on the stern of a tanker

**ONE OF THE MOST DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WAR: TEN MARINES IN FIVE "COCKLES" LAND IN ENEMY-HELD FRANCE TO CARRY OUT A RAID ON BORDEAUX. The crew of only one "cockle" came back safely: of the rest, one was killed and the others were posted as "missing" and have never since been heard of** (*See notes above*)—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

**AN UNUSUAL ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE DURING THE WAR: THE "OLYMPUS" EXPLORES THE LONELY CROZET ISLANDS 1,500 MILES TO THE SOUTH-EAST OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE during a cruise which lasted sixty-six days and covered a distance of 12,500 miles. The Crozets are within the Antarctic ice-floe region, and are a British Possession**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

During the period when German commerce raiders were working far afield and it was thought that they must be using island bases in the Antarctic, British submarines were detailed to visit and search these possible bases. In the course of one such voyage the submarine *Olympus* was at sea for sixty-six days, during which she covered a distance of 12,500 miles

In this voyage she searched the Crozets and Prince Edward Island, some 1,500 miles south-east of the Cape of Good Hope. On this cruise the crew of the *Olympus* began by wearing the thinnest of tropical rig, but as the submarine ploughed through gigantic seas south of the "Roaring Forties" the men nearly froze.

The Crozet Islands lie in latitude 46·27 deg. S., between Kerguelen and Prince Edward Islands. One of them is known as the Twelve Apostles. They have rock shores, rising at times as perpendicular cliffs from the sea surface. They are all uninhabited, but are occasionally visited by whalers. The Douglas Mawson Discovery II Expedition paid them a visit: otherwise their silence is broken only by the roar of sea-lions and the screeching of gulls.

The *Olympus* was a vessel of 1,475 tons: she was launched in 1928. Unfortunately, she was lost later in the war

**AN UNUSUAL SPECTACLE IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, as witnessed recently by a motor freighter off the normal shipping routes: The sea to the east of Tristan da Cunha is full of whales**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

What was described by those who saw it as the natural home of whales in the remote South Atlantic Ocean was recently traversed by a motor-freighter vessel, commanded by Captain H. L. Brown, far south of the normal shipping routes from the Cape of Good Hope to South America. Whales by the thousand were encountered 400 miles to the east of Tristan da Cunha Island. They were feeding on white sea-anemones or diatom. The vessel steamed among them for 100 miles. One observer, who had seen whales in many seas, said that never before had he passed through such a vast nursery of them. The diatom is one of a number of varieties of minute marine organisms known as "whale-feed." It floats near the surface and is practically invisible to the human eye. When the whales encounter a large area of the feed, they browse quietly across it, taking in tons of sea-water and straining the diatom from it by means of the fibrous lining of the mouth

A PICTURE TAKEN DURING THE FIRST OFFICIAL PRESS FLIGHT OVER LONDON SINCE THE WAR: In the background is the River Thames; Blackfriars Bridge is just seen on the extreme right; Southwark Bridge is in the centre, with the railway bridge leading to Cannon Street Station, and London Bridge on the left. In the foreground of the view is the area of devastation around Fore Street, with Moorgate Station in the lower left-hand corner. St. Paul's Cathedral, standing out boldly among ruins on three sides, is seen in the upper right

WHERE A GERMAN ROCKET-BOMB FELL AT ISLINGTON IN APRIL 1945: The damage wrought by just one of the terrible engines of destruction devised by the Nazis to wipe out the capital (*See note at right*)

# The Area Around ST. PAUL'S in the CITY of LONDON

## New Overhead Views Showing the Damage Wrought by the German Bombers

The three larger views included on these pages were all taken from an aircraft flying over the centre of London since the cessation of German air attacks. They might almost be titled "Lest We Forget."

Whilst the war was in progress it was, perhaps, necessary to "play down" the destruction hurled down on us night after night. And time has helped to make the scars less ugly. But scars they still remain. In some regions whole areas have gone—for ever. The miracle is that St. Paul's still stands, for all about are great open spaces where once stood historic buildings.

The fourth picture included here—of just one V-rocket incident—indicates the even greater damage which would have been inflicted on London had the Nazis been able to wreak *all* the harm they had planned for the capital.

***On left***—This picture is typical of what took place in many districts of London during the German V-bomb campaign. When the rocket fell in April 1945, it killed seventy-two people, severely injured eighty-six and slightly injured another 182. Twenty houses were completely wrecked (including flats and three-storey buildings). Others were damaged by the blast, which affected an area covering about 200 yards

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL UNHARMED AMIDST AN AREA OF COMPLETE DESTRUCTION : Of all the bombed regions in London, this is one of the most impressive. The broad thoroughfare in the bottom left is Queen Victoria Street ; from here to St. Paul's, and then beyond St. Paul's to Newgate Street, practically every building has disappeared. Although bombs and incendiaries fell so thickly, the Cathedral escaped serious injury : to-day it is seen in all its glory, the area all about cleared by the German fury. Some of the buildings still seen to be standing in this view are mere shells, the outer walls of which may be strengthened and preserved during rebuilding, owing to their historic interest

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF LONDON LOOKING EASTWARDS : St. Paul's Cathedral, in the centre, stands amidst the ruins. The bridges over the Thames have escaped undamaged : they are—Southwark (nearest the camera), the Cannon Street railway bridge, London and Tower Bridges. At the bottom centre is Ludgate Circus. This picture was taken from a height of 2,000 ft. : it is amongst the first to show what the City of London looks like since the raising of the security ban imposed during the war

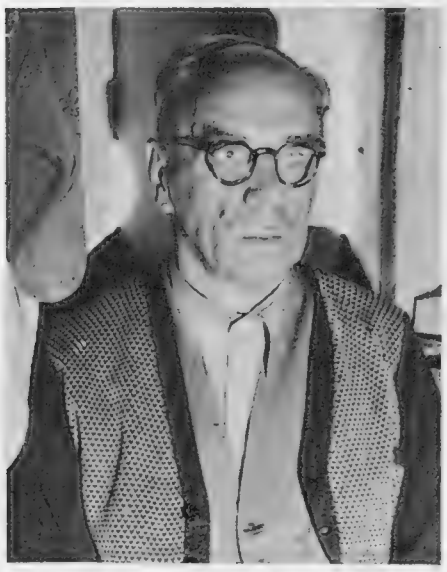
**"FRISKING" A SUSPECT IN BELGIUM: How it is done by Belgians serving as auxiliary Military Police with the Americans:** Wearing battledress and a steel helmet of the English type, this Belgian is serving at a base of the American Ninth Air Force; he is here seen demonstrating the manner in which he "frisks" a civilian for weapons. Placed in this position, the captive is unable to make a false move, for if he does, the policeman searching him can throw him off balance by a quick manipulation of leg and arm

## NEWS-PICTURES from the CONTINENT and from the EAST

**THE WIFE OF AMERICA'S "HAW-HAW" is questioned in Berlin:** Mrs. Fred O. Kaltenback, wife of the American broadcaster who worked for the Berlin Radio in the same capacity as William Joyce, is here being interviewed in her Berlin apartment by an American war correspondent. Her husband was arrested by the Russians on July 14

**THE EXECUTION OF THE FASCIST MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR IN MILAN: Guido Buffarini, accompanied by a priest, is led out for execution.** This scene took place on Tuesday, July 10, after the rejection of his appeal against the death sentence to the Supreme Court and to Prince Umberto, Lieutenant of the Realm. Buffarini was appointed Minister of the Interior on September 23, 1943, when Hitler proudly announced the names of the "Italian Republican Fascist Government" after Mussolini's escape from captivity

**THE END OF STILL ANOTHER ITALIAN FASCIST: Buffarini as he met his death strapped to a wooden desk in Milan**



**DR. VALENTIN FALTHAUSER, Director of the German "extermination centre" in Bavaria in the prison at Kaufbeuren**

**FRAU OLGA RITTLER, who was in charge of the Department of Contagious Diseases in the asylum, in her cell at Kaufbueren**

**FRAULEIN MINNA WOENLE, chief nurse of the children's ward. She is said to have confessed to killing at least 210 children**

***On left***—Doctors and nurses in charge of the German "extermination centre," officially described as an asylum, in Kaufbeuren, Bavaria, have been arrested and lodged in prison, pending an investigation into their crimes. The "extermination centre," where hundreds of mentally deficient or deformed German women and children were still being destroyed, was discovered by American Army authorities. The method of destruction was by intra-muscular injections or slow starvation. Fraulein Woenle, the chief nurse, confessed to having murdered approximately 210 children in two years by intra-muscular injection. Another Sister confessed to having poisoned at least thirty to forty persons. One of the perpetrators committed suicide

**THE FLYING-BOAT BASE AT KARACHI :** A view of Korangi Creek, where the R.A.F. operate Catalinas and Sunderlands now taking part in the war in South-East Asia

**A CATALINA COMES UP THE SLIPWAY for a maintenance check at Karachi :** One of the largest flying-boat bases in India is at Korangi Creek, Karachi. This base does most of the maintenance work on R.A.F. Catalinas and Sunderlands, and it is from here that Catalinas and Sunderlands arriving from the U.K. are "routed" on to their forward bases. R.A.F. flying-boats have played many and diverse roles during the war in South-East Asia. In addition to anti-submarine and shipping patrols, the shadowing of Jap Naval Task Forces, bombing of vital targets and ferrying sick and wounded, R.A.F. Catalinas take part in anti-locust patrols, making daily sorties over the mountains and deserts of Baluchistan and across the Persian border with the object of checking and wiping out the pests

**THE MIRA AGREEMENT IS SIGNED IN THE LEBANON :** An agreement has just been signed between Britain, Syria and the Lebanon at Chataura, setting up a provisional organisation known as MIRA, which is to replace the Office des Cereales Panifiables. The new agreement will facilitate the distribution of grain in Syria and the Lebanon; it was signed by Jemel Marden Bey, acting Prime Minister of Syria; Abdul Kerame, Prime Minister of the Lebanon; and Major-General G. A. Pilleau, in command of the Ninth Army. In this picture, from left to right, are seen M. Jabari, Syrian Minister of Supply; Abdul Kerame; Major-General Pilleau; Jemel Marden Bey; and Dr. Telhouk, Lebanese Minister of Supply

**THE BELGIANS PAY TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS MURDERED BY THE GERMANS :** A Memorial has just been inaugurated at Malmedy, in Belgium, in memory of the hundred American soldiers who were murdered during the Von Rundstedt push in December 1944. M. Van Acker, the Belgian Prime Minister, and several members of the Belgian Cabinet attended the inauguration ceremony. The chapel on this site is to be built with money contributed by the people of Eupen and Malmedy in honour of the murdered prisoners

**MISS BEATRICE LILLIE VISITS THE AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY :** *Information Please* is the name of a theatrical show now touring the Continent. Recently a performance was given to the officers and men of the American 6th Corps: at its conclusion, Major-General William H. H. Morris, the Commanding Officer, entertained the members of the show, Red Cross girls and 6th Corps Staff officers at a dinner-party. In the centre of this picture, from left to right, are: Major-General Withers A. Burres, Miss Beatrice Lillie and Major-General William H. H. Morris

**MISS GRACE MOORE'S GREAT RECEPTION IN PARIS :** Thousands of people—French, American and English—crowded the square in front of the Paris Opera House to hear Grace Moore, famous operatic soprano, sing from the balcony. People waited for four hours, and were entertained while they waited by military bands; when she appeared, the film and operatic star was given a tremendous reception. Here is a portion of the huge crowd listening to her singing

**COUGHTON COURT, IN WARWICKSHIRE, IS TRANSFERRED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST. This picture shows the front of the house: the gate-house, with its tall octagonal turrets, was built in the reign of Henry VIII and later converted into a hall. On the right is Coughton Church, which contains many monuments to the Throckmorton family.** The first acquisition of a settled or entailed historic mansion under the National Trust Act, 1939, was announced at the annual general meeting of the National Trust in the Mansion House, London. The 1939 Act enables such property to be transferred to the Trust, subject to a lease to tenants long enough to cover the lives of all those who had expectations of succeeding under the settlement deed. The Marquess of Zetland, chairman of the Executive Committee, said that during the past week the first application the Trust had ever made in a court of law under the Act had been successful. As a result, they were about to become the owners of Coughton Court, near Alcester. For more than 500 years the house had been the home of the Throckmorton family. It has considerable architectural interest

# IN ENGLAND TO-DAY

Scenes of Peace-time Activities in Town and Country

**THE AMERICANS GIVE BACK THE FAMOUS NETLEY HOSPITAL TO THE BRITISH:** The Royal Victoria Hospital, at Netley, in Hampshire, has now been handed back to the British authorities by the American Army. It was known during wartime as the 121st General Hospital, and has become a well-known name to the many thousands of British and American troops who passed through it on D-Day and after. Here Brigadier-General Charles Spruit, of the American Army, is handing back the Golden Key to Brigadier-General Hood, which signifies that the hospital is now back in British hands. Afterwards the key was given back to General Spruit to take with him to the U.S., where it will be hung in a Medical School as a token of the American Army's stay in England

**A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH REVEALS A WARTIME SECRET: the Captain of the C.P.R. Liner "Duchess of Bedford."** A closely-guarded war secret—the movement through Britain of thousands of Russians for a voyage through enemy-infested seas—is revealed for the first time by this photograph taken aboard the Canadian Pacific Liner *Duchess of Bedford*. Captain H. S. Knight is seen beside the beautifully executed decorative panel made for and installed upon the ship by grateful citizens of the Soviet Union freed from Fascist captivity who were repatriated by this liner in the early spring. Liberated by the Allied advance after D-Day, the Russians were secretly conveyed to Britain and embarked at Liverpool for the voyage through the Mediterranean and Dardanelles to Odessa, from which port the liner brought back to England Allied prisoners of war liberated by the Red Army

**LONDON BUSMEN TRAIN WRENS TO DRIVE TRANSPORT VANS:** Wrens are being taught to drive by London busmen. Fifty are now at London Transport's centre at Chiswick undergoing a five-week course which includes driving, theory and practical maintenance. Several hundred more Wrens are expected to succeed them. They are being taught to drive various types of vehicle, including 15-cwt. "Utility" and 3-ton Morris vans. When trained, these Wrens are transferred from categories where the work is diminishing, to replace M.T. drivers leaving the Wrens during the next few months

**SAILORS REPAIRING LONDON HOUSES ARE INSPECTED BY A V.C. ADMIRAL:** This picture was taken in Great Smith Street, Westminster, when Rear-Admiral Sir Martin E. Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., Flag Officer-in-Charge, London, inspected work being done by members of naval bomb-damage repair parties who, in one year, have given first-aid to 12,357 houses and have completed extended repairs to a further 2,793

**A FAMOUS LANDMARK IS ONCE AGAIN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC:** Smeaton Lighthouse, on Plymouth Hoe, has just been opened to the public after five-and-a-half years. During the war it was used as a look-out for enemy submarines and for sighting mines. From the top of the lighthouse it is possible to see a distance of 40 miles: In this picture the lighthouse is seen in the foreground. Behind is the Plymouth Naval War Memorial

**THE CRUISER "AUSTRALIA" IS REFITTED AT DEVONPORT: Undergoing repairs in dry-dock after action in the Pacific.** H.M.A.S. *Australia*, veteran flagship of the Royal Australian Squadron, has been undergoing extensive repairs in dry-dock at Devonport; she will soon be ready for further action in the Pacific War. When five Jap suicide planes hit her during operations in the Far East, Captain E. F. V. Dechaineux, her Commander, was killed. Already two new funnels have been fitted, and repairs to the flagship's decks are also nearing completion

**MR. RANK RETURNS FROM HOLLYWOOD and holds a Conference at the Ministry of Information:** Mr. Arthur Rank, the British film magnate, is here seen as he addressed journalists at a Press Conference held on his return from Hollywood at the Ministry of Information. Sitting next to him is Mr. John Davies, the joint managing director of Odeon Theatres; farther to the left is Mr. G. J. Woodham-Smith, Mr. Rank's legal adviser. On the left are the journalists to whom Mr. Rank addressed his remarks

**FOR THE NORWEGIAN WHALING INDUSTRY: The launch of the 21,000-ton "Norhval" at the Furness Yards at Haverton Hill-on-Tees.** Mme. Colban, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, has just launched the 21,000-ton *Norhval*, a whaling factory ship which has been built by the Furness Shipbuilding Company for the Norwegian Government at Haverton Hill-on-Tees. The *Norhval* is the second factory ship to be launched in the yard this year, and they are a part of the Anglo-Norwegian Whaling Industry Committee's scheme for the replacement of war losses. The sister-ship, *Southern Venturer*, was launched on June 11, and is to go to a Scottish whaling firm. It is hoped that they will both be ready for the coming whaling season, which starts in the Antarctic in November

**THE HOLIDAY QUEUES BEGIN AT PADDINGTON: Thousands of people wait for trains to the West Country.** They are lined up in Westbourne Terrace, outside the station, for trains to the West. Bright sunshine and temperatures climbing to the seventies brought Londoners out in force to main railway stations, record crowds packing the platforms as an estimated 300,000 week-enders and holiday-makers set out for sea, sun and air. Similar scenes were witnessed at other London termini at the opening of the Holiday Season

**THE RETURN OF THE HORSE-OMNIBUS—but not for passengers:** One of London's old horse-buses, No. 361, can be seen around town these days; but not on its old route from Camberwell Green to Clapham Common. The 26-seater (14 outside, 12 inside), which was last licensed in 1911 by the Star Omnibus Company, is being used by a London firm of opticians to take goods from headquarters to various branches

# THE RETURN OF THE CON. MAN

## The Wiles of the Confidence Trickster, Who, with the Return of Peace, Has Reappeared

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE confidence tricksters, known to the Police as con. men, have reappeared, and it is safe to presume that we will be hearing much more of these gentry during the next two or three years. In spite of E.P.T. there are invariably large sums of easy money floating around after a great war, and natural cupidity is keener than ever.

The latest trick is for men with American accents to invite new-found acquaintances to share in a successful deal connected with surplus American war stores, such as jeeps and bulldozers. In return for a cheque for £5,000, the victims are promised a share in the sale, at a high profit, of the aforesaid goods. But they never see the tricksters again.

This is a comparatively new twist on the former stratagems of con. men, and we can expect many more. But no doubt all the old ones will be furbished up and brought into lucrative use once again. In spite of the tremendous publicity given between the two wars to Patsy, the inventor of the "rosary trick," his continued to be a successful confidence trick almost up to the outbreak of war.

The "infallible betting system" is sure to crop up again. This trick is to explain to the victim that for a sum of money he can join a syndicate which backs horses standing at long odds (say, 20 to 1) and then hedges when the price is shortened to 4 to 1, thus guaranteeing a profit whether the horses win or lose. When the victim asks for his profit, he is informed that his new-found friends have failed to hedge their bet because the price of the horse or horses is alleged to have risen, instead of going down. There are several variations on this gambling swindle.

I myself once spent an evening with one of the best-known con. men without knowing it. He had seen me at the Savoy with the late Woolf Joel, and must have presumed that I was also a rich man, instead of being a crime reporter. During the evening he entertained me and a friend to dinner, in the course of which he offered me the French newspaper, *Figaro*, at a remarkably low figure. Next he drew my attention to some interesting goldmine shares which he possessed. He was good-looking, well-dressed, amusing; but what I particularly liked about him was that, even when he must have realised that he was wasting his time and money on me, he continued to ply me with champagne and cognac, even driving me home in his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. As I said good-bye to him I invited him cordially to lunch with me and Superintendent Hawkins at the Piccadilly Hotel next day. He accepted with apparently the greatest enthusiasm, but strangely enough I never saw him again.

I doubt whether the gold brick can be revived again, but I well recall a Fleet Street editor complaining bitterly to me in 1927, that he could scarcely walk along the Strand to luncheon from his office without being invited to buy one.

"The pay-off" is a Stock Exchange confidence trick. It needs four accomplices. Among the impressive names used in the swindle are the International Exchange, Anglo-American Exchange, International Stock Exchange, Consolidated Stock Exchange, International Brokers Exchange, and the Continental Brokers Exchange. As Detective-Inspector Percy Smith once said, "It is remarkable how many hard-headed people with solid bank drafts fall for the swindle." When the con. man is operating a racing fraud he uses the name of United Turf Exchange, International Turf Exchange, or the Consolidated Turf Exchange, none of which, of course, exists.

These con. men carry most handsome-looking security bonds, fake membership cards, and blank forms, not to mention circular letters of credit. Bets on horses running in France and Belgium, and possibly in the Irish Free State, are all "transacted" through spurious turf exchanges. Usually the first bet is said to have been successful, and a few pounds are said to have been won. The enthusiastic mug is then invited to put up still more money for a bigger and better bet. Even this is said to be successful, but there is a snag. Because the mug is not a member of the International Turf Exchange he has to establish his credit to the amount of money he has won, just to show that he could have paid out if he had lost the bet. That is when the con. man collects the money and disappears.

The Stock Exchange swindles are usually based on the story of a con. man who is employed by some important financial concern in New York, which instructs him to buy shares on secret information cabled to him overnight. He informs his victim, however, that he is under a bond of £30,000 to his syndicate not to deal in shares except when buying them for his employers. This naturally whets the appetite of the mug, especially as the con. man goes on to say that he is likely to be suspended in the near future by the syndicate because the sensational success of his operations has produced unwelcome publicity in the Press. In the meantime he is carrying on, but expects the suspension to take place any minute. The victim's natural reaction is to ask why, in the circumstances, his new-found friend does not make use of the information for himself. After a time, of course, he manages to persuade the apparently reluctant crook to let him go shares in the speculations based on this private information. Several thousand pounds of the victim's money are involved in a deal which is said to be successful, but is held up because the transaction has been made on a joint letter of credit and, therefore, the signature of the auditor of the syndicate is necessary—unless a cash credit is produced. The victim falls for the trick, produces several thousand pounds in bank-notes, and in return is given a worthless cheque.

In the cold light of after-events, it is hard to realise how hard-headed business men fall for these confidence tricks. It must be remembered, however, that they are carried out against the wealthiest possible backgrounds, and the confidence man is a first-class character-actor and could earn a three-figure salary in any theatre in the country. He spends literally thousands, not hundreds, of pounds to lay the trap. His victim has usually been selected several months before he is tricked.

Time and again Scotland Yard goes to endless trouble to round up confidence tricksters and charge them with obtaining money by false pretences, only to find that the victim refuses point-blank to come forward, with the inevitable consequence that the tricksters have gone free.

As a result of this war, one can presume that the con. men will specialise in dealings in Belgian, French, Italian and possibly German currency. At the moment, while permits to leave the country are still difficult to obtain, they will not find it so easy to resume business, but the re-establishment of the telephone services to the Continent should be helpful. With so many currencies pegged at various levels, they will find it easy to persuade avaricious business men to indulge in speculations of this nature. The use of aeroplanes for carrying goods which have a far greater value in one country than another will also be assuredly exploited.

The best con. men do not stoop to cheap tricks like card manipulation, but there is one interesting example worth noting in this connection. A certain card-player had been winning steadily, but not spectacularly, in various card clubs in London. He did not hold particularly good cards, but somehow he always managed to have at least one good win during the session. Many weeks elapsed before the trick was discovered—not by Scotland Yard, but by a professional stage magician. The crook would call for drinks at some important stage of the game, the waiter would come in with a very highly-burnished tray which he held nonchalantly in his hand behind the current victim's chair, in such a way that the crook was able to tell every card in his hand.

The boom in dog racing will probably provide con. men with some easy money, though in this case the well-known speed with which the odds shorten will make it difficult for them to utilise the idea of the infallible betting system. Surplus Army stores, already exploited as described above, are sure to figure in many confidence tricks. So will alleged concessions in various parts of liberated Europe.

It cannot be repeated too often that these confidence men are wonderfully urbane. Their letters of credit seem to be in perfect order. They operate from the most fashionable hotels and the most expensive blocks of flats. They never rush their victims. Weeks will elapse before they "try it on." But unless they invent something entirely new, all their stratagems will be some variation of the infallible betting system, the member of the Stock Exchange with special information, or the "rosary."

**A STORY OF THE YEAR 1940: RESCUED AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF THRILLS AND ADVENTURES.** A whaler from H.M.S. "Kelvin" pulls away from a neutral ship after it had taken off Allied soldiers who had escaped from France

Eighteen men standing on the rolling deck of a neutral cargo-boat early in December 1940 cheered lustily the British destroyer that met their overjoyed eyes, for it meant the end of five months of hazardous adventures. Thirteen of the lucky eighteen were members of the 51st Highland Division who were captured in June 1940 during the German advance on the Somme. One night, headed by their Major, they escaped, eventually reaching Vichy, where they managed to obtain French military uniforms. From Vichy they made their various routes to the South of France, where once again they obtained Foreign Legion uniforms, together with forged papers; they got to Morocco, where they were interned. When they turned their minds once more to escape, their Major again made his appearance and organised another spectacular escape. They reached Casablanca, 10 miles distant, slipped aboard a small Portuguese cargo vessel under cover of darkness and hid themselves under the cargo. Once at sea they declared themselves to the astonished skipper and crew. The ship, however, proceeded on its journey to Portugal. Fifteen miles out, H.M.S. *Kelvin* arrived on the scene and decided to investigate the ship, thus ending happily the courageous battle for existence of the tired and hungry escapists. Also on board were two Frenchmen who were on their way to join General de Gaulle's Free French Army, two British airmen and one Austrian refugee

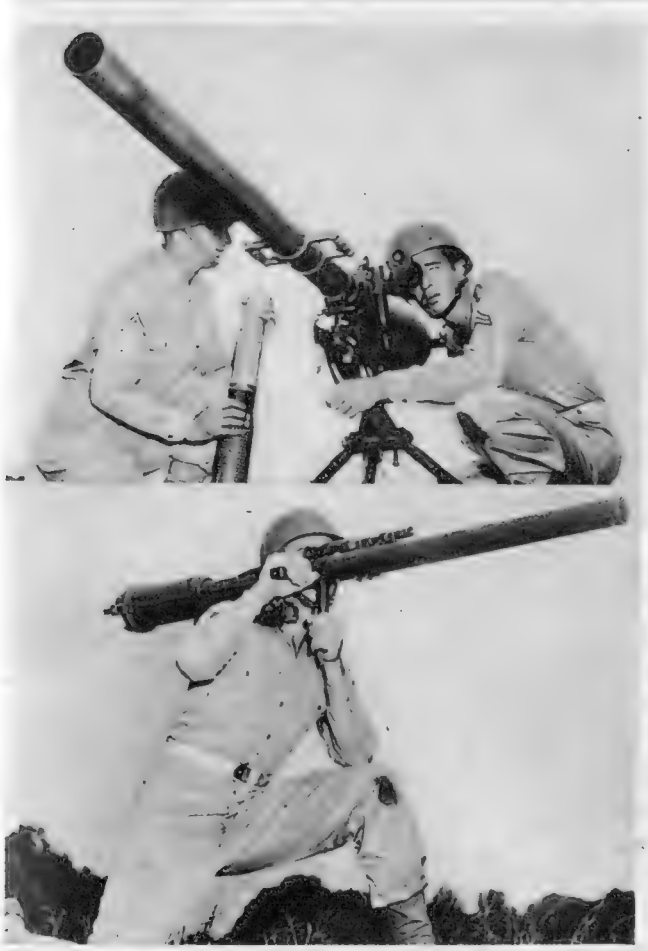
**SOME OF THE OVERJOYED ESCAPISTS** shaking hands with the gun crew of H.M.S. "Kelvin" after their escape from France and subsequent rescue

# TWO DISASTERS in the U.S.

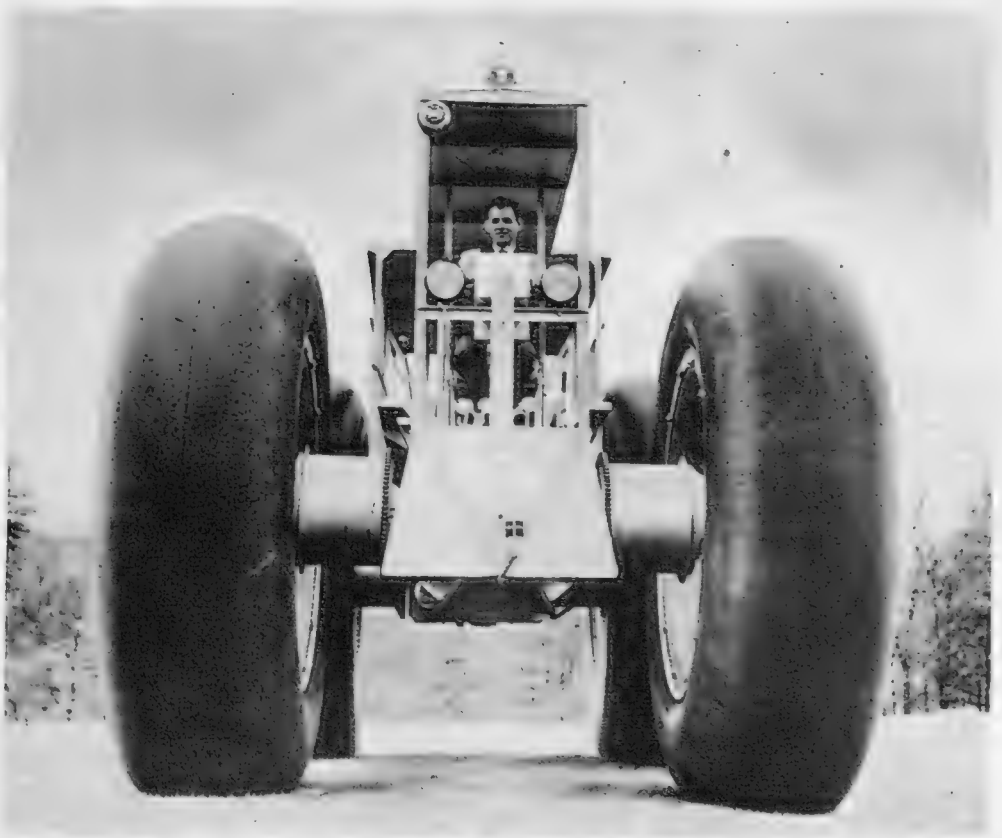
## And Two Remarkable Inventions with a Wartime Application Against the Japs

**TWO PICTURES FLOWN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AFTER AN AMERICAN ARMY BOMBER HAD CRASHED INTO THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN NEW YORK:** They show exterior and interior views of one of the damaged floors of the building after the bomber had crashed into the structure at the 76th floor during fog on July 28. The bomber exploded on impact, spraying flaming petrol over a wide area. All the lifts above the crash-point were put out of commission, and some crashed to the bottom of the shaft. Thirteen people lost their lives in the disaster: the tragedy has shaken New Yorkers badly

**TWO VIEWS OF THE CANADIAN LAKE STEAMER AS IT BURNED AT POINT EDWARDS, ON LAKE ONTARIO: All the passengers were able to escape to the shore.** These two aerial views of the 360-ft. Great Lakes steamer *Hominic* were taken as it burned at Sarnia on July 17. The ship left Detroit on a cruise and was tied up at Point Edwards. A fire broke out on a long freight-dock at the Point and enveloped the steamer. Passengers on the burning vessel saved their lives by sliding down ropes to the water: some swam ashore; some were picked up by boats. An official of the Canadian Steamship Lines said that "As far as we know there have been no lives lost." Fire-fighters and rescuers are seen in these pictures working from the shore



**TWO PICTURES OF A NEW RECOILLESS RIFLE JUST INTRODUCED INTO THE AMERICAN ARMY:** In the upper picture a soldier is using a telescopic sight to aim the M20, the new 75-mm. recoilless rifle, as another soldier prepares to reload it with a 14-lb. high-explosive shell. The M20 is 82 ins. long and fires its shell more than 4 miles. The M20 has the striking power of field artillery, and its recoilless design, plus the gun's reduced weight (110 lb. against 3,400 of the standard 75-mm. field artillery), allow the weapon to be mounted and fired from a standard ·30-calibre machine-gun tripod. The new gun is light enough to be transported by two men, and its recoil is absorbed by allowing a controlled amount of the propellant gases to escape through the openings in the breech of the rifle. Alternatively, a small bipod attached to the rifle can be used. One man can handle the M20 if necessary



**THE LATEST AMERICAN GIANT IS THE "MARSH BUGGY," which can be used either on land or in the water:** Fitted with the largest tyres ever made, this latest invention in amphibious vehicles—known as the "marsh buggy"—is now at work. Due to the buoyancy given by huge Goodyear tyres and hollow aluminium wheels, the buggy can navigate otherwise impassable swamps, marshland and waterways. Its speed is over 20 m.p.h. on land and about 4 m.p.h. in water. The huge Goodyear tyres are 10 ft. in height and weigh 315 lbs., while the inner tube weighs 125 lb. The "marsh buggy" has been used very successfully for work in American oilfields, but many uses are now being found for its capabilities in the war against Japan

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# THE MEANING OF GERMAN HISTORY

*"Bedevilled" English Thought About Germany; A New Royal Biography; Mr. Bellamy on the Creation; Journalists and Newspapers; A Soldier Poet; Rebuilding Family Life*

THOSE who think of Germany in terms of Vansittartism or anti-Vansittartism, or who are led away by such cheap jingles as "Don't let 's be beastly to the Germans," should be compelled to read **THE COURSE OF GERMAN HISTORY**, by A. J. P. Taylor (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.). For those who would understand the issues being settled at Potsdam and the problems that are bound to arise therefrom, this is a book which it should not be possible to neglect.

Here is a balanced, independent and forthright account of how Germany came to be what she is and to accomplish what she has. If the world is to be certain that Germany can never be allowed to do it again, there must be some clear understanding of Germany's history in the past hundred years.

There is, alas, too much truth in Mr. Taylor's statement: "Not ignorance of the broad outlines of German history, but total misconception of its sense and meaning, bedevil English thought about Germany."

Here, for the first time, is an objective analysis of Bismarck's policy and its relation to the lust for power and dream of conquest to which twice in their history the Germans have sacrificed everything, and each time wrought death and destruction on an unprecedented scale. Here, also, is an assessment of those hundreds of thousands of liberal-minded Germans who emigrated to America after 1848—"the best Germans, who showed their opinion of Germany by leaving it for ever."

Will the British people ever understand the Germans? How many people during the last twenty-five years took the trouble to try to understand the Russians? The old cynic has said that the seeds of future wars are sown in peace treaties. Need they be so potent, so vital and capable of such vigorous growth this time?

**CEYLON'S PREMIER IN LONDON—Mr. D. S. Senanayake at work at his desk:** Ceylon is now an important base for the Pacific War, and Mr. Senanayake's object in visiting this country is to discuss the political future of the island. As a landowner and farmer, rural progress has been his chief interest during thirty-five years in politics, and he is looking forward to visiting British farms during his two-months stay here

The weather and royalty are traditionally the favourite topics of peacetime conversation in this island, so appropriately with our semi-peace we have a new royal biography for our attention, the only drawback being that, however easy it is to talk about royalty, it is excessively difficult to write about them. There is one school of expression, headed by Lytton Strachey; another, governed by sycophancy, and in between them a vast tract of respectful neutrality. Facts, dates and an able use of background material offer one solution, and it seems to be the one chosen by M. E. Sara, whose **LIFE AND TIMES OF H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE** (Stanley Paul. 18s.) has just been published. Princess Beatrice was known to most of the public in two roles: as Queen Victoria's favourite daughter and her close and constant companion, and as the mother of the ex-Queen of Spain. Her biographer stresses that in both capacities she showed a warmth of affection and a self-discipline that added the quality of real friendship to the blood relationship. The little child who called out "Good-bye, dear," at a formal function and insisted, when she was reproved for the familiarity, "Oh, but she *is* a dear," was possibly nearer the mark than many diplomatic eulogists.

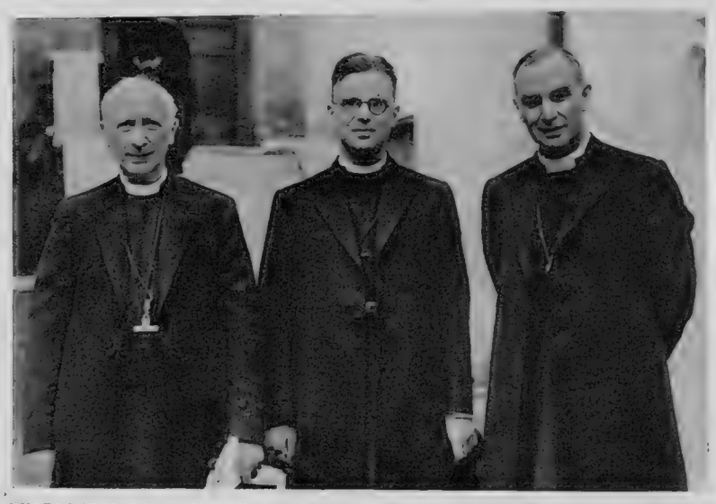
It is genuinely interesting to be reminded of the chief events of Princess Beatrice's long life—she died last autumn at the age of eighty-seven—and to notice how they recall the milestones of five English reigns and one Spanish one. What I found a little irritating was the overstressing of the contemporary scene when it had no relation at all to the biographer's subject. Thus, though Robert Browning indubitably did die in 1889, why make that solitary mention of the poet at all, particularly when it is uncomfortably sandwiched between an account of the Battenbergs' summer in the Highlands and their Christmas at Osborne?

One minor but real attraction in the book is the author's charmingly accurate descriptions of the Princess's clothes and the materials and laces from which they were made. London Museum and Mr. James Laver, please note!

As a child one learns the stories in the book of Genesis: the Flood, the Creation, the Tower of Babel; and as a child one accepts them until the first apprehension of the sciences seems to teach one that they are no more than magnificent fables, told with a grand simplicity. In four books, the most recent of which is now published, Mr. H. S. Bellamy expounds another view: that these stories are true and wonderfully-exact records of human experiences when the Earth was receiving its present shape, and human life its direction.

**IN THE BEGINNING GOD** (Faber. 8s. 6d.) supports this theory more finitely than the preceding books. Its conclusions are based on the cosmogonic theories of the Austrian Hoerbiger, which, as in Mr. Bellamy's other books, are succinctly summarised here. Briefly, he held that before our Earth acquired its present Moon, another satellite moved round our planet and eventually crashed on it. This stupendous catastrophe caused the upheavals described in the myths of Noah, and the other heroes of the book of Genesis. In his contention, the story of the Creation therefore should be read rather as the story of the Earth's recovery from a vast cataclysm, and in this light the stories themselves have validity.

Mr. Bellamy's book is not light reading, nor is it intended as such, but it is quite extraordinarily interesting, and at least provocative of thought.



**THREE NEW ENGLISH BISHOPS after their consecration at Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher:** In this picture, from left to right, are: The Rev. Clement Mallory Ricketts, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, who becomes the new Bishop Suffragan of Dunwich; the Rev. Leslie Edward Stradling, formerly Vicar of St. Anne's, Wandsworth, the new Missionary Bishop of Masasi, in Tanganyika—he is only thirty-eight years of age; and the Rev. John Walden Woodhouse, Vicar and Rural Dean of Huddersfield, who is the new Bishop Suffragan of Thetford

The newest publication in the series "Britain in Pictures" is, for once, rather richer in the text than in the illustrations. Mr. Derek Hudson has made an admirable job of his subject, which is **BRITISH JOURNALISTS AND NEWSPAPERS** (Collins. 4s. 6d.), and which makes remarkably interesting reading for a journalist and, I should imagine, almost as satisfying for the layman. Mr. Hudson has, in the limits of his space, produced an excellent chronicle of newspapers from the days of *London's Intelligencer*, in 1643, to the no less lively days of Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*.

The names of great newspapers are indissolubly tied to the names of the great figures of the Press, and these have been evoked, from Master Ichabod Dawks and his news-letter to the Press lords whose names are what is obscurely called "household words." One of the greatest of editors in an impressive list was Mr. C. P. Scott, for fifty-seven years editor of the *Manchester Guardian*.

"Comment is free, but facts are sacred," he said once. It is a golden rule, in seven words, for every newspaperman from junior reporter to the great minds responsible for the leader page.

Mr. Karl Shapiro's poems, published under the collective title of **V-LETTER** (Secker and Warburg. 6s.), have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, and on that distinction alone would be worth reading as an indication of the judges' current standard in verse and poetry. It is worth noting, incidentally, that with one exception, and that one by no means the best of the work, the entire book was written in the South-West Pacific area, where the author has been on active service since the early days of the war with Japan, yet, as he writes himself in his introduction, "I have tried to be on guard against becoming a war poet," although the poems have been written in Australia and New Guinea "under the peculiarly enlivening circumstances of soldiering."

His themes are deliberately various, from the bitter slickness of "Movie Actress" to the strong symbolism of the title poem. On a third or a fourth reading I may find lines to prefer, but at present my choice is for the short poem "Crusoe," for the images in "Hill at Parramatta," and for these lines from a longer poem:

> "Underneath this wooden cross there lies
> A Christian killed in battle. You who read,
> Remember that this stranger died in pain
> And passing here, if you can lift your eyes
> Upon a peace kept by a human creed,
> Know that one soldier has not died in vain."

**REBUILDING FAMILY LIFE IN THE POST-WAR WORLD** (Odhams. 2s.) is an inquiry into ten aspects of the problem, made by experts in those ten lines, and with a foreword by Lord Horder, in which he explains the book's purpose, "to help the people of this land to reconstitute their family life," and shows how the editor, Sir James Marchant, has tackled his subject. The statistical evidence is first surveyed. The subject is then examined from the economic and social, the nutritional, health, psychological and biological aspects; the significance of the dwindling family, educational and spiritual, while a final section deals with the special influence of war on family life.

Each chapter ends with a summary and a list of recommendations, making it thereby as easy to study and to ponder as is humanly possible with such a vast question. The list of contributors is naturally a distinguished one and includes Sir John Boyd Orr on "Nutrition," and Sir Arthur MacNalty on "Health and the Family." Dr. Grace Leybourne-White writes on "Education and the Birth Rate," and in the course of her paper recommends that free secondary education for all should become a reality and that "public schools" (the quotation marks are hers) should be freed from all social exclusiveness.

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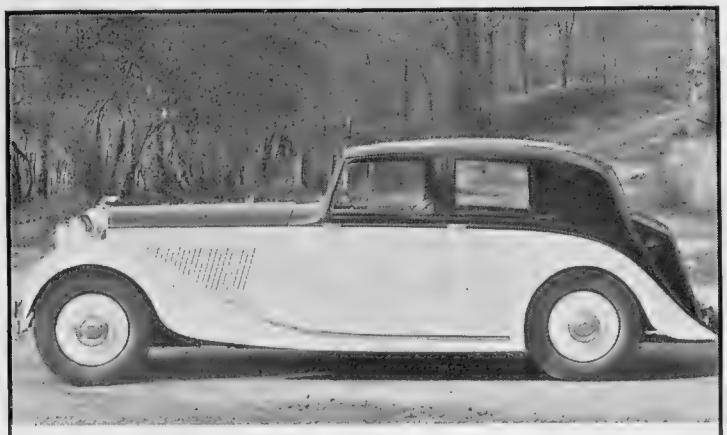

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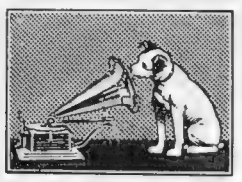

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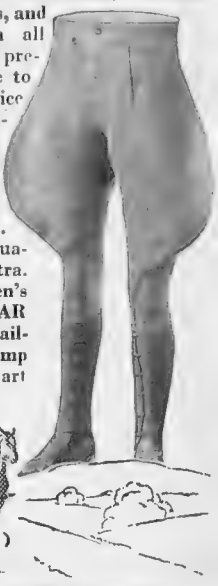

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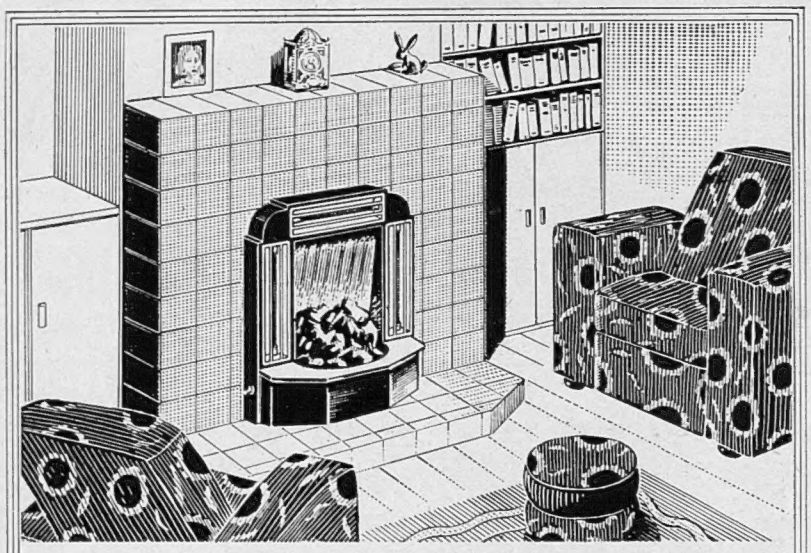

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